PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES

HYMNS FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS AND OTHERS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

COMPILED BY

WILHELMINA L. ROOPER.

GRIFFITH FARRAN OKEDEN & WELSH
NEWBERY HOUSE
CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON.

F-46.112
R6755

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCC
5775

Hymns for Elementary Schools

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Hymns for Elementary Schools

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
FEB 18 1931

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ARRANGED BY

WILHELMINA L. ROOPER,

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

DUNCAN HUME.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

GRIFFITH FARRAN OKEDEN & WELSH,

NEWBERY HOUSE,

CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON,

AND AT SYDNEY.

[The Rights of Translation and of Reproduction are Reserved.]

PREFACE.

IN composing and selecting the music for this work, I have tried to secure tunes which shall be bright and easily caught up. The tunes are all kept within a limited compass. I have marked neither pace nor expression, as both would vary according to the ability of the children. I would suggest to teachers to adopt a lively pace, and to accustom the children to sing louder as the music ascends, and *vice versâ*. My thanks are due to Messrs. R. B. ADDISON, E. H. THORNE, JOHN FARMER, and the Editor of Hymns Ancient and Modern, for their tunes; and to Miss W. L. ROOPER for her most valuable help. My hope is that the book may help to make religion a bright and cheerful thing for the little ones.

DUNCAN HUME.

Feast of S. Luke, 1889.

PREFACE.

THE studies which are usually pursued at school, in consequence of their variety, have in them a distracting influence on the mind. Even though their number be strictly limited instead of being multiplied to meet the demands of the increasing pressure of modern life, the result must be much the same, for intellectual instruction can never be a thing which is very simple. Hence, whatever tends to connect together in some harmonious way the varied pursuits of children at school is of the greatest value in their education. The short service held at the opening and closing of the day's work, of which singing a hymn forms a part, does more than anything else to establish a feeling of unity about life at school. The child is commencing to weave the web of life, and the pattern seems complex and difficult, but here is a single thread of great beauty which combines it into a whole, and unites the bewildering details of the parts.

Many of the subjects which are studied at school pass away from us in later life, their place being occupied by the pressing cares and duties of every day, but the memory of our school days, as a whole, never fades. It stands by us as long as we live. A recollection so persistent cannot produce a neutral effect on the character. Perhaps in later life some may think that this recollection is the chief value of the training which they received at school. This is likely to be the case where the memory dwells not so much upon the excellence of the teaching in particular subjects as on the feeling that the life at school as arranged by the teachers was spent worthily. Happy they who possess this memory. The brief but impressive ceremony at the beginning and end of the school day, in which the children all join together,

being assembled in a large room or hall, is the most powerful of the influences which help to lay the foundation for this bracing recollection in later times. Closely connected with it is the sense of companionship which it engenders among the scholars. In a good school we learn early what it is to lead a life in common with others, to share in the pursuits and interests of others, and to make others feel that they can rely upon our service. This feeling, that the members of the school are members one of another, the feeling which is the foundation of patriotism and loyalty to good causes, is that which the authors have endeavoured to make characteristic of their collection. For the rest the subjects of the Hymns explain themselves, and there is only one other point to which the readers' attention is invited. The example of the writers of Hebrew poetry has been closely followed in respect that many of the hymns dwell upon the sympathetic joy which God's servants are conscious of, when they behold the beauty of the changing year, the wonders of life, the glory of the heavens, and the impressiveness of the manifold works of creation.

> "Call whole Nature to thy aid,
> Since 'twas He whole Nature made;
> Join in one eternal song,
> Who to one God all belong."

CONTENTS.

Morning Hymns.

Evening Hymns.

General Hymns.

Graces.

Hymns for Special Occasions.

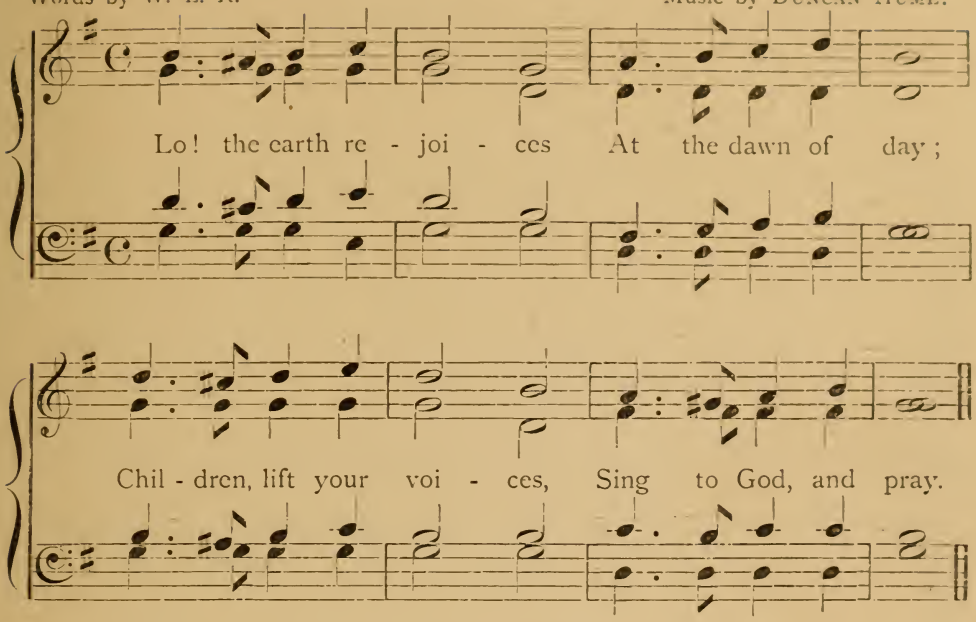
MORNING HYMN.

1

Lo! the Earth Rejoices.

"What is brighter than the Sun?"

Words by W. L. P. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



See the red sun flaming
  In the eastern skies,
To the world proclaiming
  It is time to rise.

Cool the morning breezes,
  Keen and fresh they blow,
Bringing, as God pleases,
  Warmth, or rain, or snow.

See the daisy flower,
  Rays of pink and white,
In her sunny bower
  Opening to the light.

Hark! the birds are singing;
  What a merry throng!
Fields and woods are ringing
  With the joyous song.

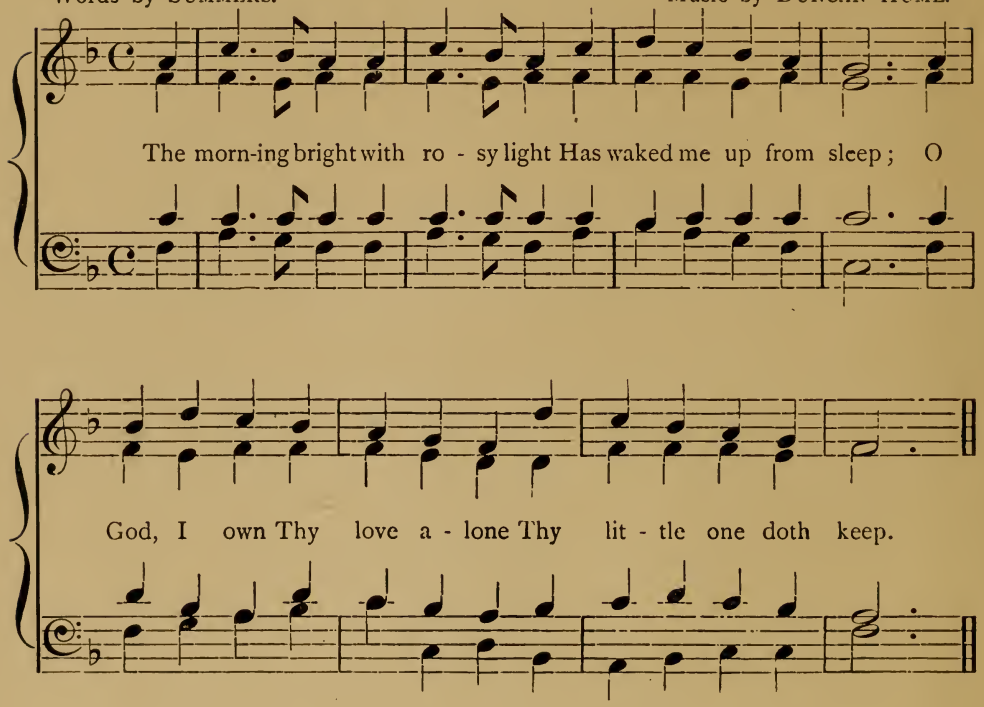
Yes, the earth rejoices
  At the dawn of day;
We will lift our voices,
  Sing to God, and pray.

2

The Morning Bright.

"The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Words by SUMMERS. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



All through this day I humbly pray
Be Thou my guard and guide,
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

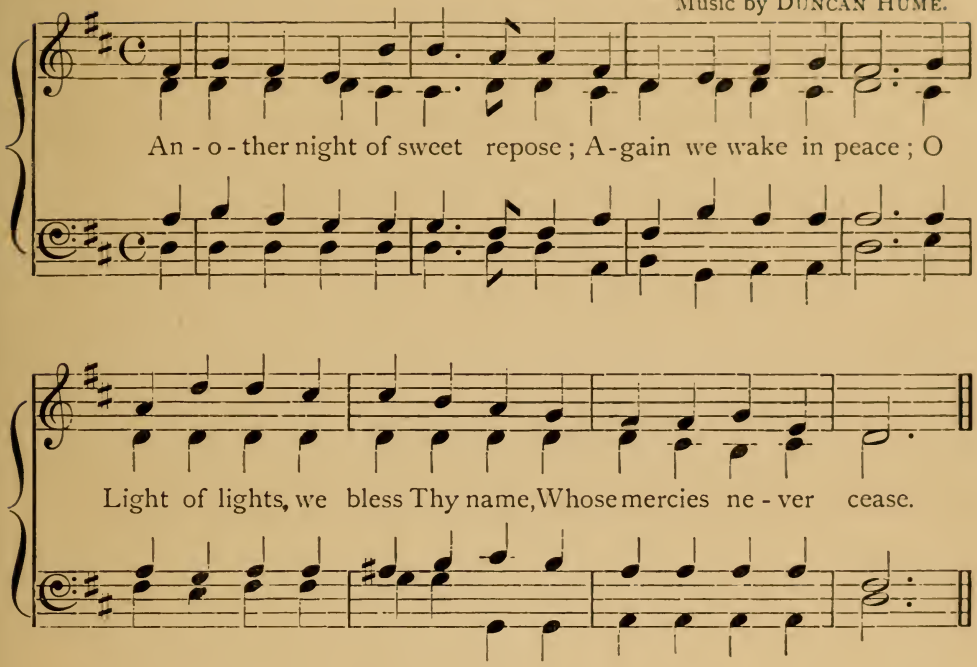
Oh make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face.

3

Another Night.

"Every good gift cometh from the Father of Lights."

Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Each day Thou dost with tender care
  Rich blessings on us pour :
We love Thee, Lord, but oh, we would
  That we could love Thee more.

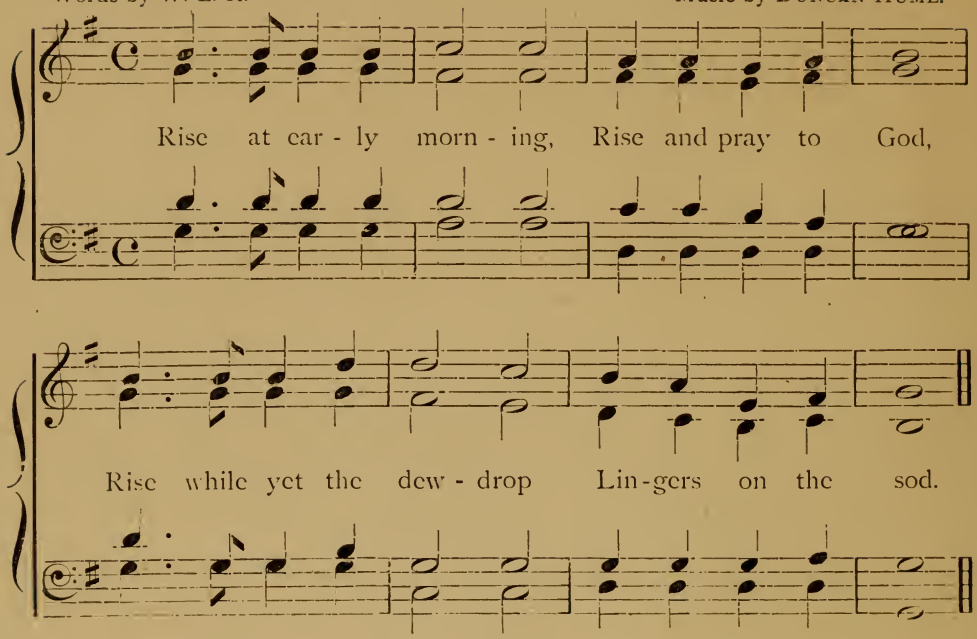
Oh pardon, pardon all our sins,
  So many and so great ;
How often do we grieve our God !
  Oh, teach us sin to hate.

Oh, never, let us, Lord, forget,
  Each one, Christ died for me,
And let Thy love constrain our souls
  To live this day to Thee.

4 Rise at Early Morning.

"Why sleep ye? Rise and pray."

Words by W. L. R. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Pray at early morning,
Pray to do His will,
Pray while yet the mist wreath
Floats upon the hill.

Ask at early morning,
Ask His tender care,
Ask ere dusky shadows
Melt in sunlit air.

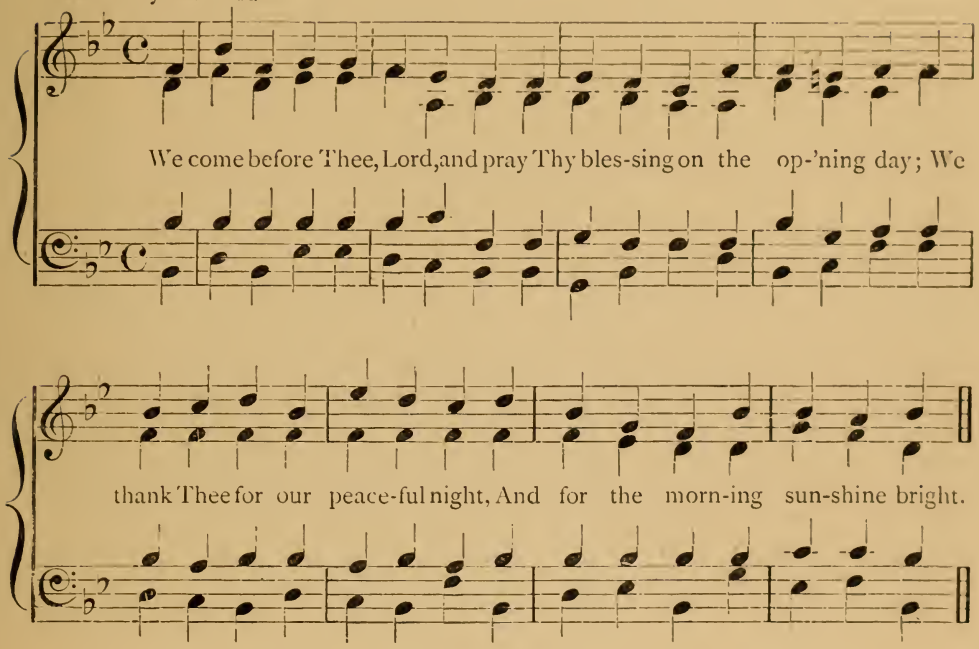
Sing at early morning,
Sing with gladsome voice,
Sing while golden sunbeams
Make thy heart rejoice.

Sing at early morning,
Sing thy happy lays,
Sing, for God Almighty
Loves His children's praise.

5 We come before Thee, Lord, and Pray.

"Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious Name."

Words by W. L. R.



We thank Thee for the clear blue sky,
And soft white cloudlets floating by,
We thank Thee for the Summer breeze,
And songs of birds in leafy trees.

We thank Thee for the flowerets sweet,
Just peeping out the sun to greet,
All glitt'ring with the dew drops fair,
Thus freshen'd by Thy tender care.

As dew upon the drooping flower,
Lord, pour on us Thy grace and power,
That we may ever show Thy praise,
By gentle words and holy ways.

6

My God, who makes.

"He maketh His sun to rise."

Words by WATTS. Music by R. WAINRIGHT.

My God who makes the sun to know His pro - per hour to rise, To give his light to all be - low, Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chamber of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes and still
March on my heavenly way.

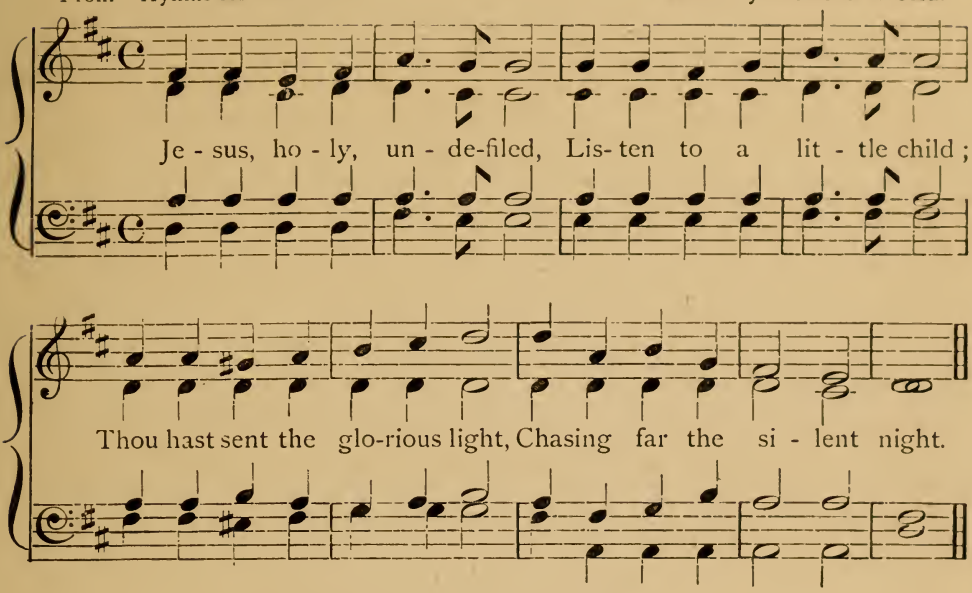
Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That all the morning of my life,
Alas! was spent in vain.

7

Jesus, Holy.

"Rise, in the Name of Jesus."

From "Hymns for Infants" Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow
On each tender flower below.

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies,
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread,
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without Whom I cannot live.

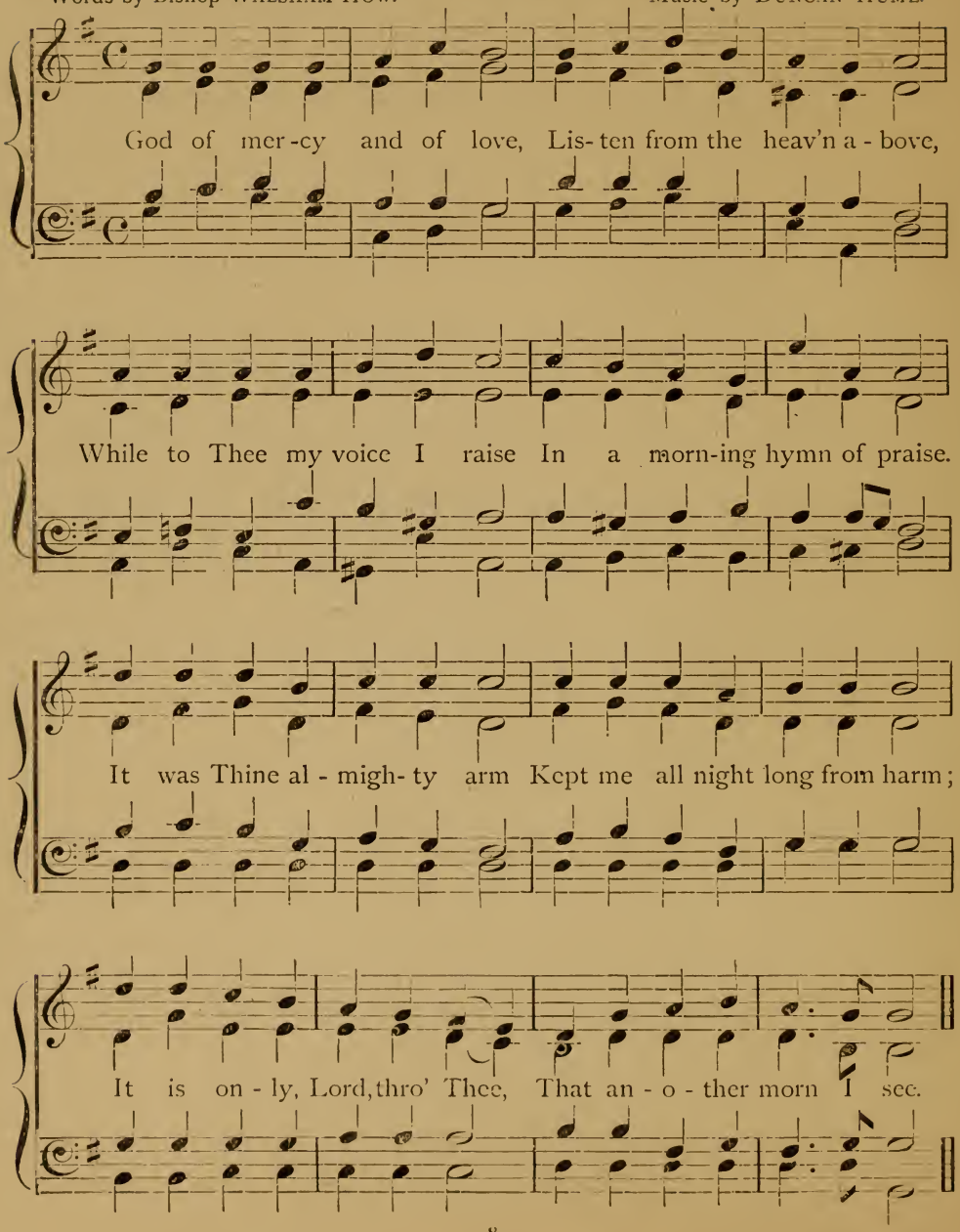
Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child,
All day long in every way
Teach me what to do and say.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day,
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy Heavenly Home.

8

God of Mercy.

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



MORNING HYMN.

"Oh Lord, be Thou our arm every morning."

God of mercy and of love,
Listen from the heav'n above,
While to Thee my voice I raise
In a morning hymn of praise.
It was Thine almighty arm
Kept me all night long from harm;
It is only, Lord, through Thee
That another morn I see.

Lo, the happy Light of day
Drives the shadows all away:
Lo, it brings again to sight
All things beautiful and bright.
White clouds sailing in the air,
Little flowers so fresh and fair,
Greenest fields and rippling streams
Glitter in the morning beams.

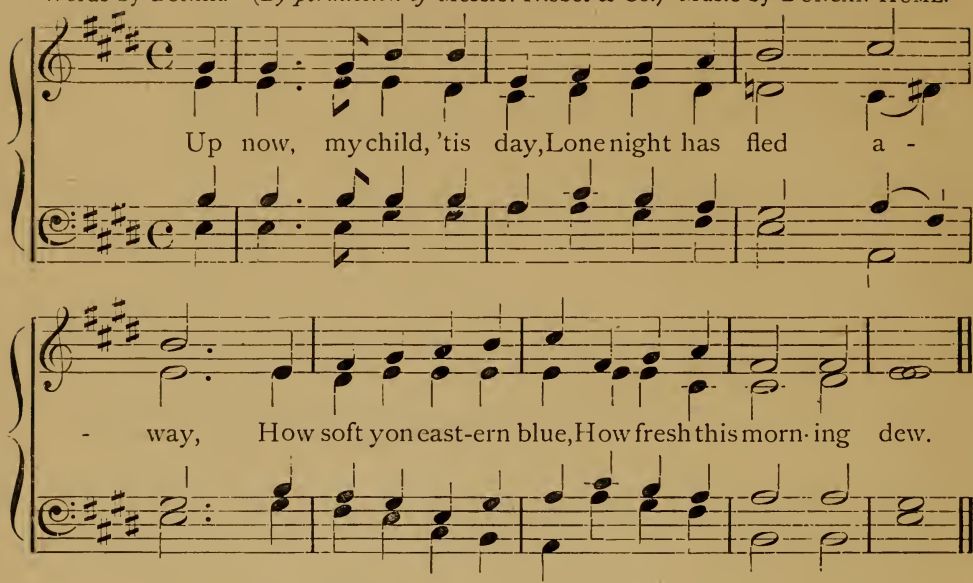
Father, keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong,
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
Hark, the birds are singing gay,
Let me sing as well as they,
Praise to Him who is above
For His mercies and His Love.

9

Up Now, my Child.

"Ye are of God, little children."

Words by BONAR. (*By permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.) Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Peace rests on yon green hill,
Jóy sparkles in yon rill,
Join thou earth's song of love
That pours from every grove.

Be happy in thy God,
On Him cast every load,
To Him bring every care,
To Him pour out thy prayer.

To Him thy morning praise
With joyful spirit raise,
The God of morn and even,
The light of earth and heaven.

Be thou His happy child,
Loved, blessed, and reconciled;
Walk calmly on each hour,
Safe in His love and power.

Work for Him gladly here,
Without a grudge or fear,
Thy labour shall be light
And all thy days be bright.

10

As the Bird.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praise."

Author Unknown. Music by DUNCAN HUME

As the bird in mea-dow fair, Or in lone - ly for - est

sings, Till it fills the summer air And the greenwood sweetly

rings, So my heart to Thee would raise, Oh my God, its song of praise.

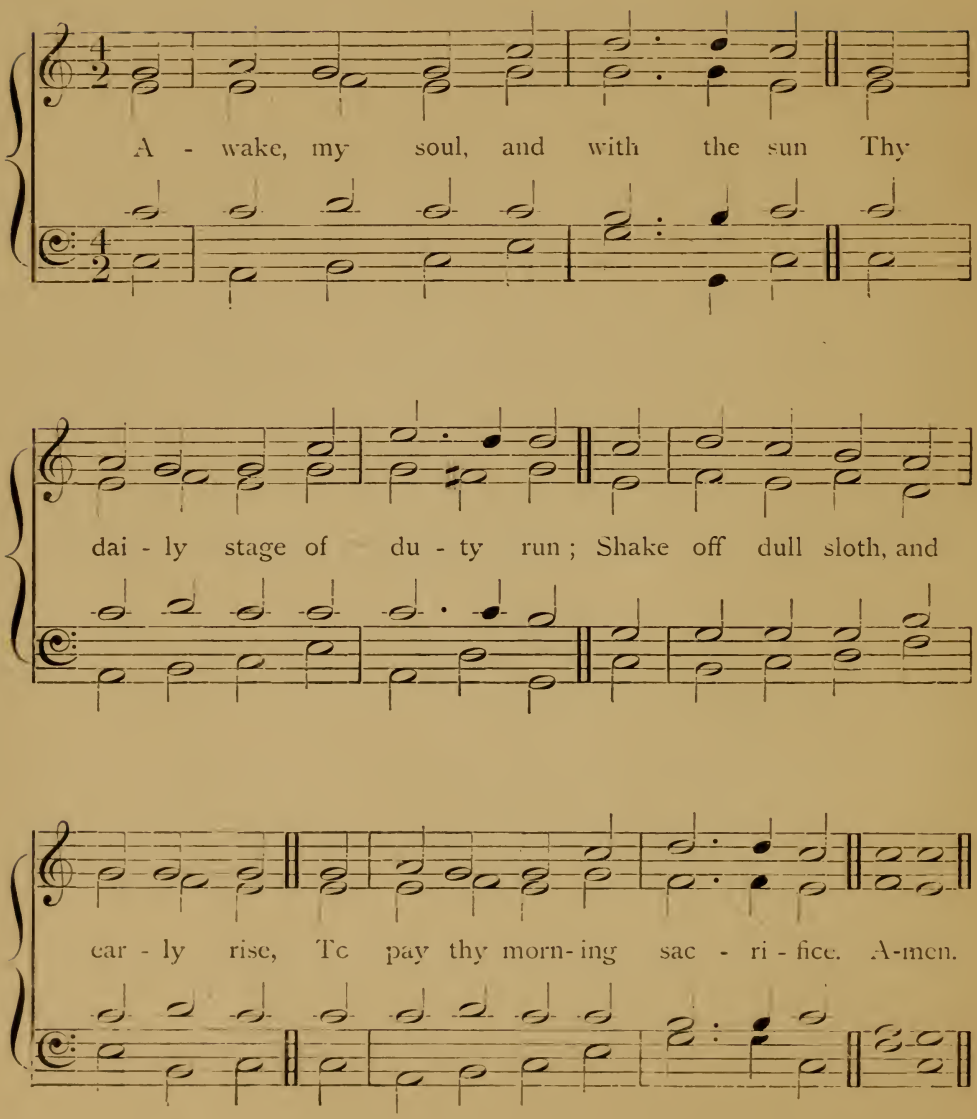
Sun of Life, if Thou arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies,
Gladsome as a soaring bird.
Shine Thou on me clear and bright,
Till I learn to live aright.

Bless this day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From Thy holy precepts true
Suffer not Thy child to rove.
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the life that leads to Thee.

11

Awake, my Soul.

"O Lord, Father and God of my life."



Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear Thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

PART 2.

Glory to Thee Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

The following Doxology should be sung at the end of either part

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

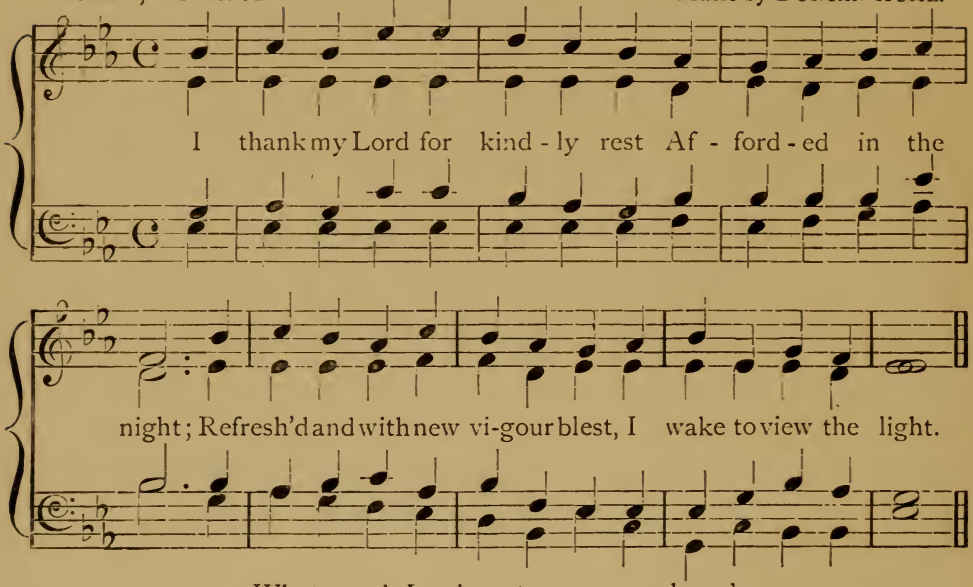
12

I Thank my Lord.

[WORK.]

"A workman that needeth not be ashamed."

Words by BERRIDGE. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



What need I grieve to earn my bread
When Jesus did the same?
If in my Master's steps I tread
No harm I get, nor shame.

Oh let me bless with thankful mind
My Saviour's love and care,
That I am neither sick nor blind,
Nor lame as others are.

A trusty workman I would be
And well my task pursue,
Work, when my master does not see,
And work with vigour too.

And whilst I ply the busy foot
Or heave the labouring arm,
Do Thou my withering strength recruit,
And guard me well from harm.

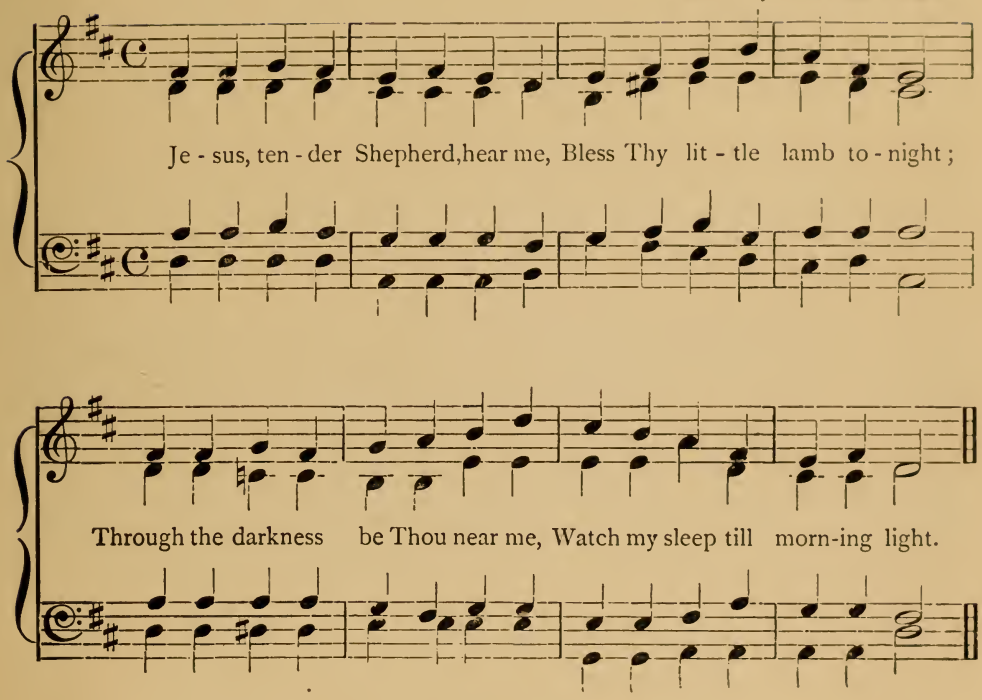
To sweeten labour let my Lord
Look on and cast a smile,
For Jesus can such looks afford
As well the hours beguile.

13

Jesu, Tender.

"I am the good Shepherd."

Music by DUNCAN HUME.



All this day Thy hand has led me,
  And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me
  Listen to my evening prayer.

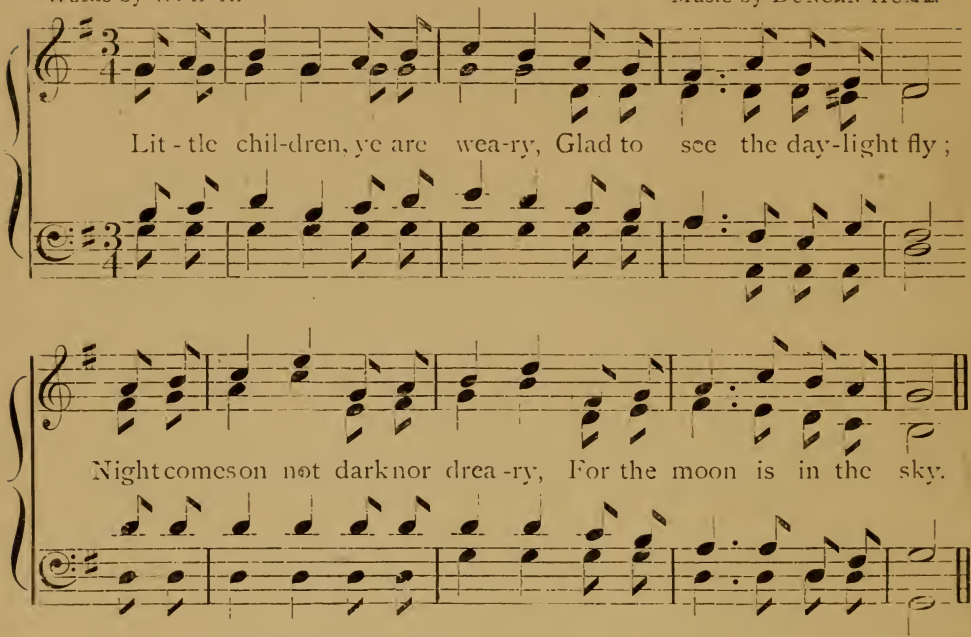
Let my sins be all forgiven,
  Bless the friends I love so well,
Grant me, Lord, a place in Heaven,
  Happy there with Thee to dwell.

14 Little Children, ye are Weary.

(The verses may be sung alternately by the Children and the Teacher.)

"The Lord . . . giveth the stars for a light by night."

Words by W. L. R. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



See her kindly face is beaming
O'er the shadowed earth below,
And by thousands clear stars gleaming,
Till the heavens are all aglow.

God who made them dwells in splendour,
Far beyond the glories there,
Mighty Father! He so tender
Listens to the children's prayer.

Father, in Thine Arms enfold us,
Make Thy Face on us to shine,
Aye for Jesu's sake uphold us,
Grant to us Thy Peace divine.

15 The Day is Done.

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."

By kind permission of Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

Words by H. Bonar. Music by Duncan Hume.

The day is done, I thank Thee, Lord, a - lone. 'Tis

ev'ning, And I cry O Saviour, be Thou nigh, This night . . . . from

ill me keep, Pre - serve me while I sleep. . .

The day is gone;
I bless Thee, mighty One;
'Tis evening, and I cry
Oh Saviour, be Thou nigh,
This night from ill me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

Defend, oh God,
For snares beset my soul;
Thou art my help alone,
Deliver me from sin and fear,
Preserve me in all peril here,
Oh good and gracious One.

16

Now the Sun.

"Doubtless Thou art our Father."

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

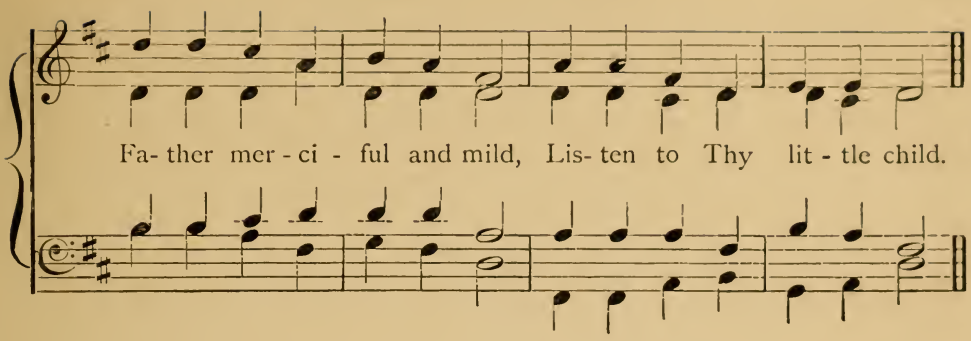
Now the sun has pass'd a - way With the gold - en

light of day; Now the shades of si - lent night

Hide the flow - ers from our sight. Now the lit - tle

stars on high Twin - kle in the migh - ty sky;

EVENING HYMN.



Loving Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should:
Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight.
Jesus was a little child,
Make me, like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care;
Let Thy Angels good and bright
Watch around me through the night.
Keep me now, and when I die,
Take me to the glorious sky.
Father merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

17

Glory to Thee.

Bishop KEN. "The light . . . faileth." TALLIS.

Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Al - mighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

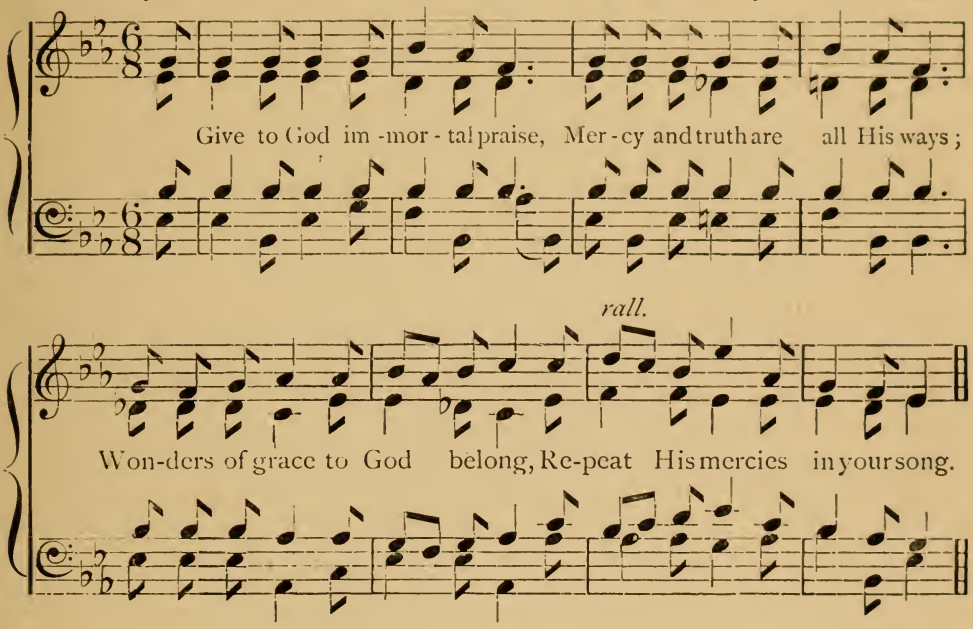
Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

18 Give to God Immortal Praise.

[WONDERS OF GOD.]

"Let them praise the name of the Lord, for He commanded and they were created."

Words by WATTS. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



He built the earth, He spread the sky
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His wonders in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

19 When I Look up to yonder Sky.

(*By permission of the* H. & C. S.)

[God's Care.]

"God is mighty, and despiseth not any."

Music by Duncan Hume.

When I look up to yonder sky, So pure, so bright, so wondrous high. I

think of One I can-not see, But One who sees and cares for me.

'Tis He my daily food provides,
And all that I can want besides;
And when I close my sleeping eye
I rest in peace, for He is nigh.

Then shall I not for ever love
This gracious God who reigns above?
For very good indeed is He
To love a little child like me.

20

Praises to Him.

(*By kind permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

[PRAISE.]

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Words by BONAR. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Prai - ses to Him who built the hills, Prai - ses to

Him the streams who fills, Prai - ses to Him who

lights each star That spar - kles in the blue a - far.

Praises to Him who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new born,
Who draws the shadows of the night
Like curtains o'er our wearied sight.

Praises to Him whose love has given,
In Christ His Son the life of Heaven,
Who for our darkness gives us life,
And turns to day our deepest night.

21 There's not a Tint that Paints.

[God's Power and Love.]

"The Lord looked upon the earth and filled it with His blessings."

Words by Bishop Heber.

There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair, . . . Or streaks the hum-blest flow'r that blows, But God has placed it there. . . .

At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale
That is not sent by heaven.

There's not of grass a single blade
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays His boundless love
And power with mercy blends.

22 We Thank Thee, Lord.

[LONGING FOR HOLINESS.]

"It is great glory to follow the Lord, and to be received of Him is long life."

Words by Bishop COTTON. Music by S. WEBBE.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glitt-'ring sky, the sil - ver sea; For all their beau - ty, all their worth, Their light and glo - ry come from Thee.

Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that weave their arms above,
The hills that gird our earth around,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one simple prayer,
One heart that loves the pure and right.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love hath given,
Raise Thou our thoughts to Thee on high
And make us feel how good is heaven.

23 Sun, Moon, and Stars.

"His glory covered the heavens, the earth was full of His Praise."

Words by MONTGOMERY. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Sun, moon, and stars by day and night, At God's com-

- mand - ment give us light; And when we wake and

while we sleep, Their watch like guar - dian an - gels keep.

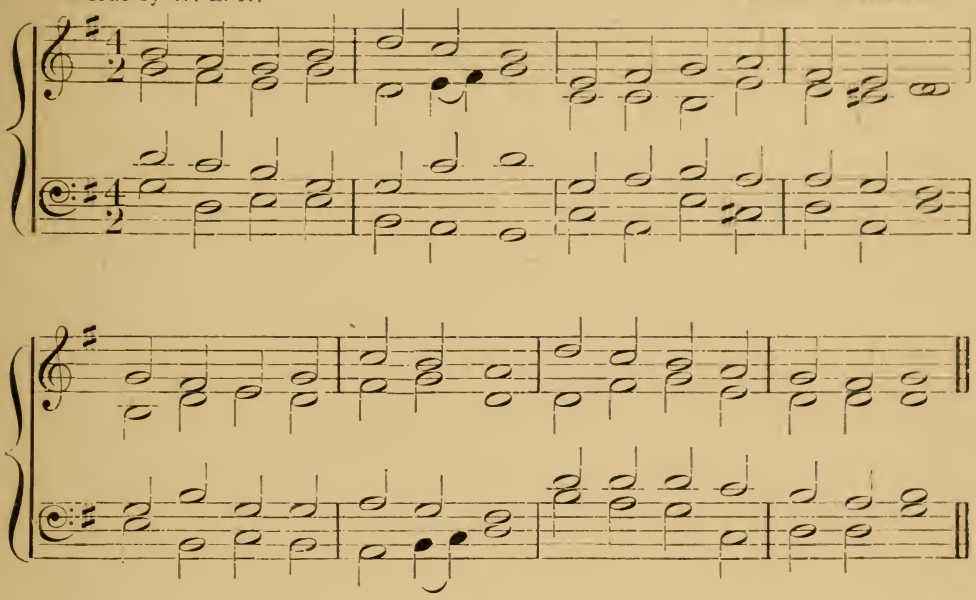
The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's Almighty hand.

Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow, God sends them all.

Graces.

"Thanks be unto Thee."

Words by W. L. R. Tune—VIENNA.



24 [GRACE BEFORE FOOD.]

Heavenly Father, at this meal
Let us all Thy Presence fee' ;
As we thank The for the care
Which provides our daily fare.

Bless our food to us, we pray,
That it nourish us, so may
Health be ours, and grant that we
Use it rightly serving Thee.

Glory, Lord, to Thee we sing,
Praises, thanks, to Thee we bring ;
Lord, accept them, Father, hear
For Christ's sake our Saviour dear.

25 [GRACE AFTER FOOD.]

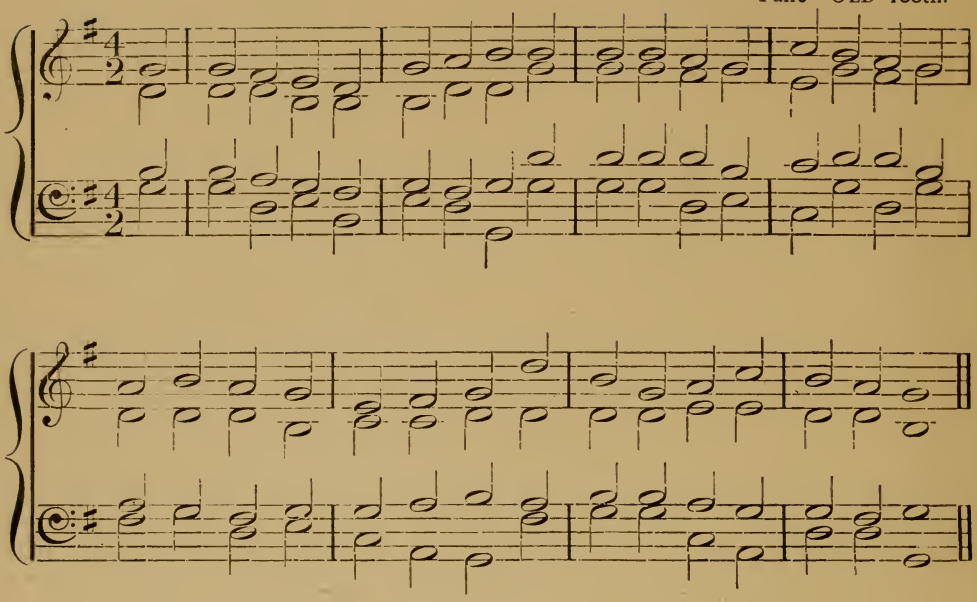
By Thy goodness we are fed,
Many are in want of bread ;
Father, hear us humbly plead
Succour for all those in need.

Show us, Lord, how we can give
Help to those that helpless live,
Thus our thanks we best shall own,
For Thy mercies to us shewn.

Glory be to Thee, Most High,
God our Father ever nigh,
Hear, for Jesus' sake, our Praise,
Keep us ever in Thy Ways.

Graces.

Tune—Old 100th.



"In everything give thanks."

26 From all that dwells below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more

C. Wesley.

27

Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
  Thy children's wants a fresh supply,
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field
  And hear'st the children's lowly cry.

On Thee we cast our care, we live
  Through Thee, who knowst our every need;
Oh feed us with Thy grace, and give
  Our souls this day the living bread.

Rev. W. HAVERGAL.

28

No earthly gifts can yield us good
Without, oh Lord, Thy heavenly grace;
Then sanctify our present food,
And lift on us a Father's Face.

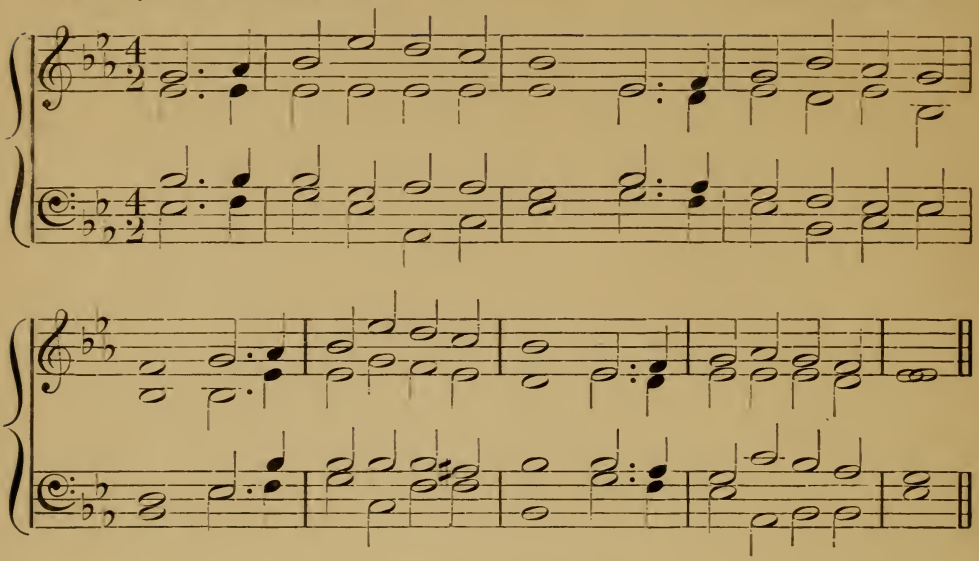
All praise to Him who died, to give
The bread by which the living live,
Our praise for all things pure shall be
When face to face Himself we see.

Rev. W. HAVERGAL.

(*These Graces are inserted by kind permission of* Miss HAVERGAL.)

29 Graces.

Words by Rev. W. H. Havergal. Tune—Innocents.

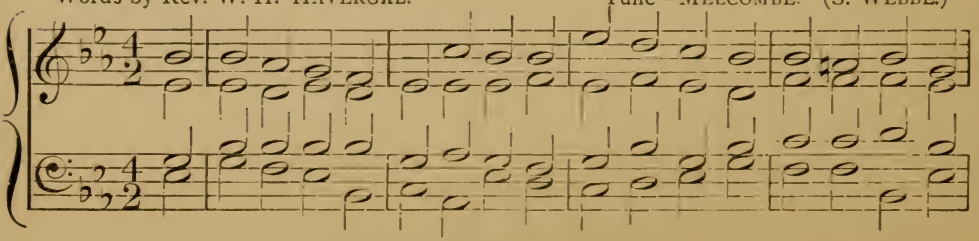


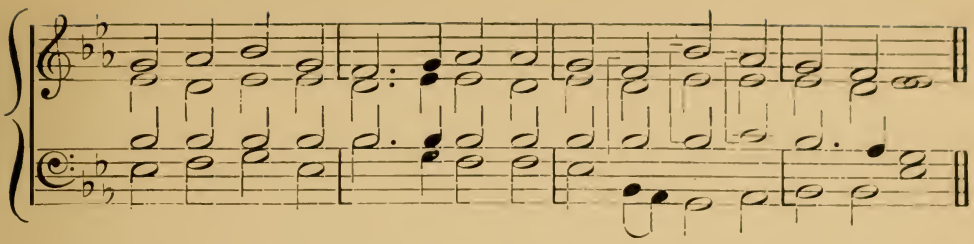
Jesu, seated on Thy Throne,
Thee we bless, and Thee alone,
Thee we bless for food and friends,
Every gift Thy mercy sends.

Jesu, Lord of earth and sky,
What Thou givest sanctify,
Always let our souls be fed
With Thyself, the living bread.

30

Words by Rev. W. H. Havergal. Tune—Melcombe. (S. Webbe.)

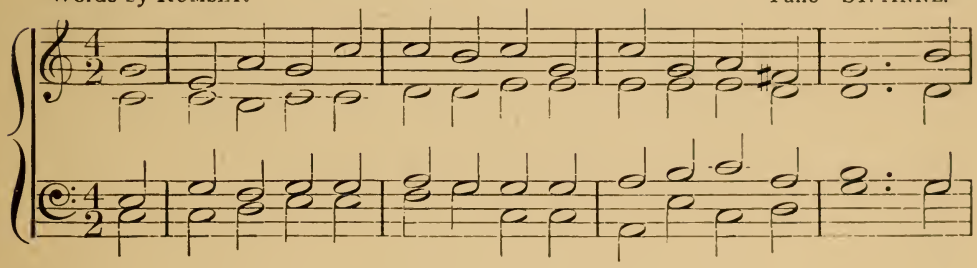


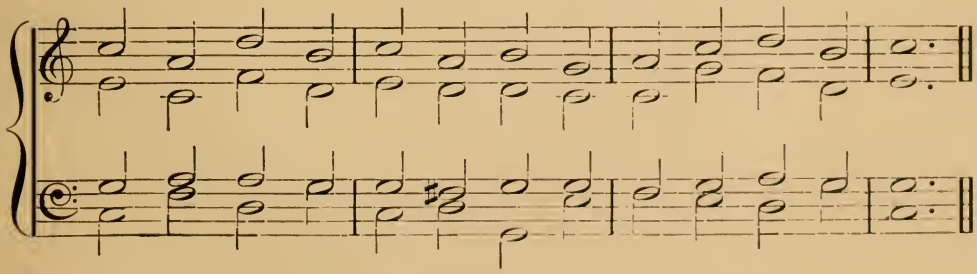


For us Thou spread'st a table, Lord,
Thou givest us our daily bread ;
O let Thy presence crown the board,
Thy blessing rest on every head.

31

Words by RUMSEY. Tune—ST. ANNE.

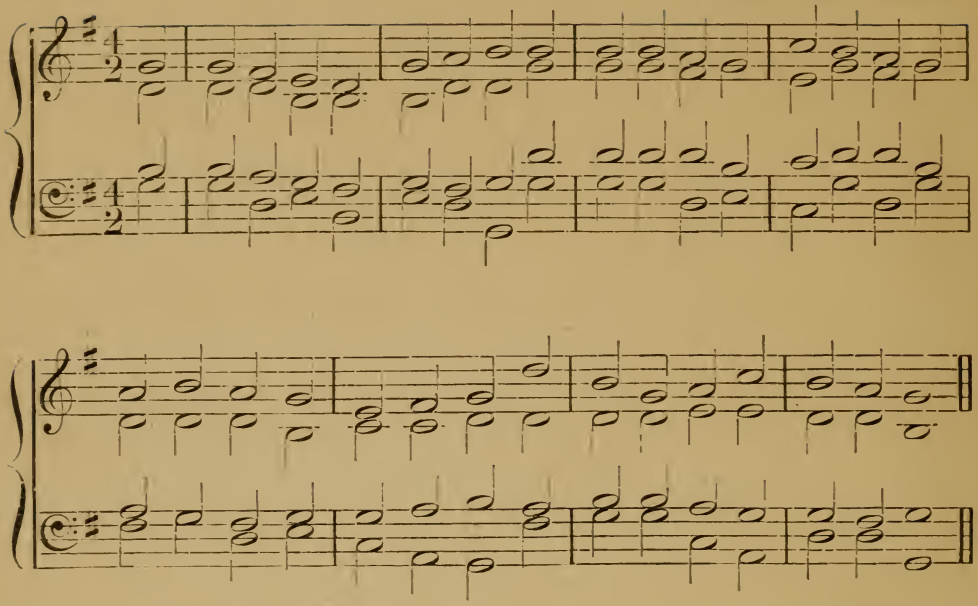




To God, who gives our daily bread,
A thankful song we'll raise ;
And pray that He who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise.

Graces.

Tune—OLD 100th.



32 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by Thy word:
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

WILLIAM COWPER.

33 We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

WATTS.

34 We Leave now Behind us.

[THE BATTLE OF LIFE.]

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory."

Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Words by BONAR. (*By kind permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

We leave now be - hind us The world and its crowd, We set now be-

- fore us The Home of our God. We take up our cross now To

fol - low the Lamb; We close round His ban - ner, For glo - ry or shame.

We take up the armour
Our Captain has given,
The sword and the breast-plate,
The helmet of heaven;
In faith thus defying
The foe and the sin,
We fight our life's battle,
We fight and we win.

35

The Pilgrims.

Author unknown. "Strangers and pilgrims here on earth." Music by DUNCAN HUME.

1st CHORUS.

Whither, pil - grims, are you go - ing, Go-ing each with staff in

2nd CHORUS.

hand? We are go - ing on a jour-ney, Go- ing at our King's com-

Both CHORUSES. (*May be sung in two parts.*)

- mand. O - ver hills and plains and val - leys, We are

rall.

go- ing to His pa - lace, Go-ing to the bet- ter land.

1ST CHO. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little feeble band?
2ND CHO. No, for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.
CHO. Christ our Leader walks beside us,
He will guard and He will guide us,
Pilgrims to the better land.

1ST CHO. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
2ND CHO. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving Hand.
CHO. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever
In that bright and better land.

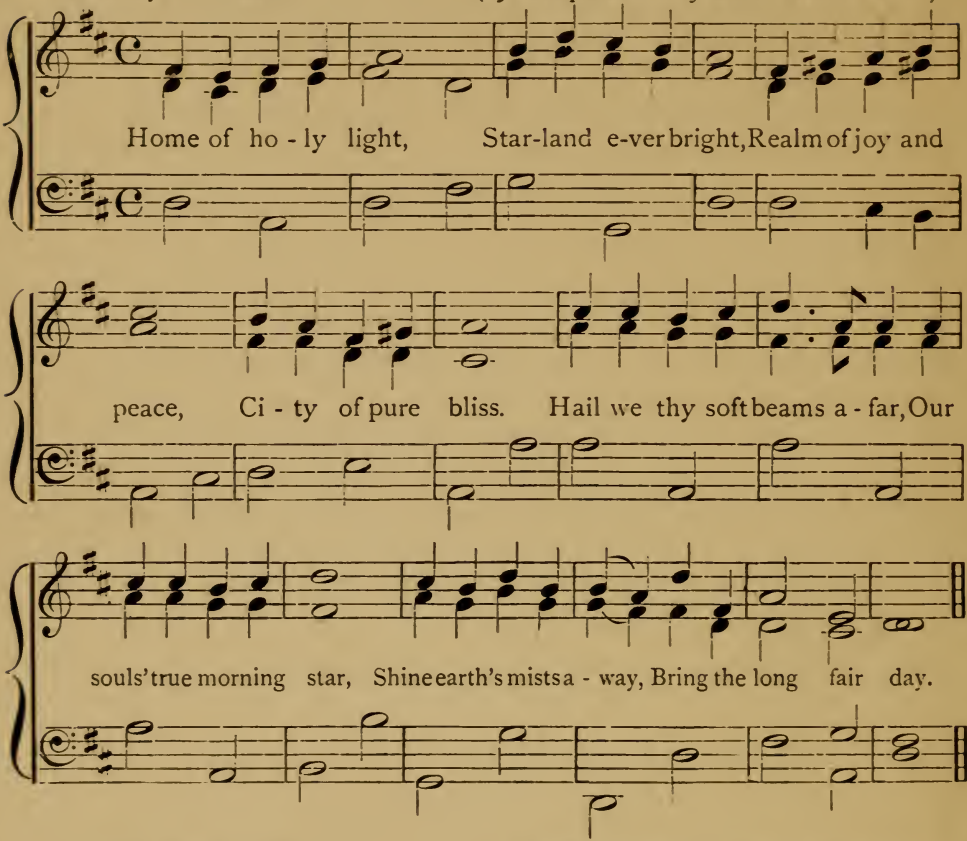
1ST CHO. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
2ND CHO. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
CHO. Come, oh, come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright, that better land.

36

Home of Holy Light.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, oh thou city of God."

Words by H. BONAR. (*By kind permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)



Jesus is thy Sun,
Dimness thou hast none;
He the Lamb once slain
Theme of each glad strain;
Blessing, honour, wisdom, power,
Be His for evermore.
This the song they sing,
Praising their high King.

Robes of festival
Wear thy dwellers all;
Sin can never come
Into that dear Home.

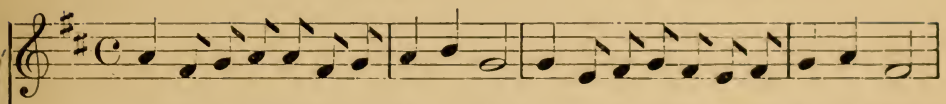
Frown, nor fear, nor sigh, nor strife,
Disturb the joyous life.
Port of calm at last,
Every storm long past.

From the throne we hear
Heavenly voices clear;
"Come up hither all"
Ringeth the loud call.
All who bear the cross below,
Who follow Jesus now,
Answer we again,
"Yea, Amen, Amen."

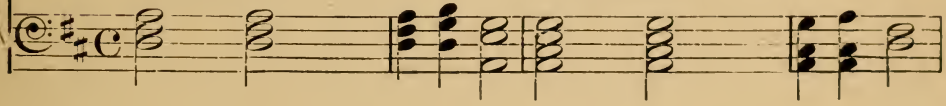
37

Pilgrim's Carol.

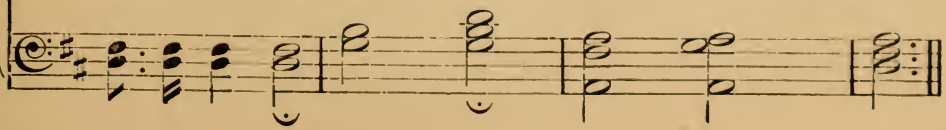
"I saw them . . . them that had gotten the victory . . . having the harps of God."



1. I am a pilgrim to the Ho-ly Land, I am a pilgrim to the Ho-ly Land.
2. I bear a cross to the Ho-ly Land, I bear a cross to the Ho-ly Land.
3. I have a robe in the Ho-ly Land, a pure white robe in the Ho-ly Land.
4. I have a crown in the Ho-ly Land, a glorious crown in the Ho-ly Land.
5. I have a harp in the Ho-ly Land, a gol-den harp in the Ho-ly Land.
6. The Angels are singing in the Ho-ly Land, The Angels are singing in the Ho-ly Land.
7. They sing Alleluia in the Ho-ly Land, They sing Alleluia in the Ho-ly Land.
8. I have a Father in the Ho-ly Land, And I have a Saviour in the Ho-ly Land.
9. Then onward and forward to the Ho-ly Land, Then onward and forward to the Ho-ly Land.



pp When the Lord calls I shall go, and live in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and leave it in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and wear it in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and wear it in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and strike it in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and sing in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall sing Alle-luia in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall go, and love Him in the Ho-ly Land.
When the Lord calls I shall fly a-way to the Ho-ly Land.



38

Who are These?

[THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.]

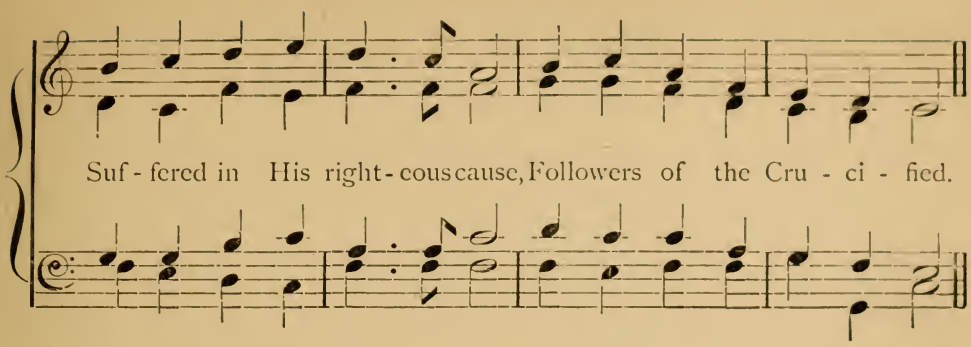
"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Words by WESLEY. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Who are these ar-rayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun,

Fore-most of the sons of light, Near-est the e-ter-nal throne?

These are they who bore the cross, Faith-ful to their Mas-ter died,



Out of great distress they came,
And their robes by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
They have washed as white as snow.
More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more.

He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountain lead.
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of Love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

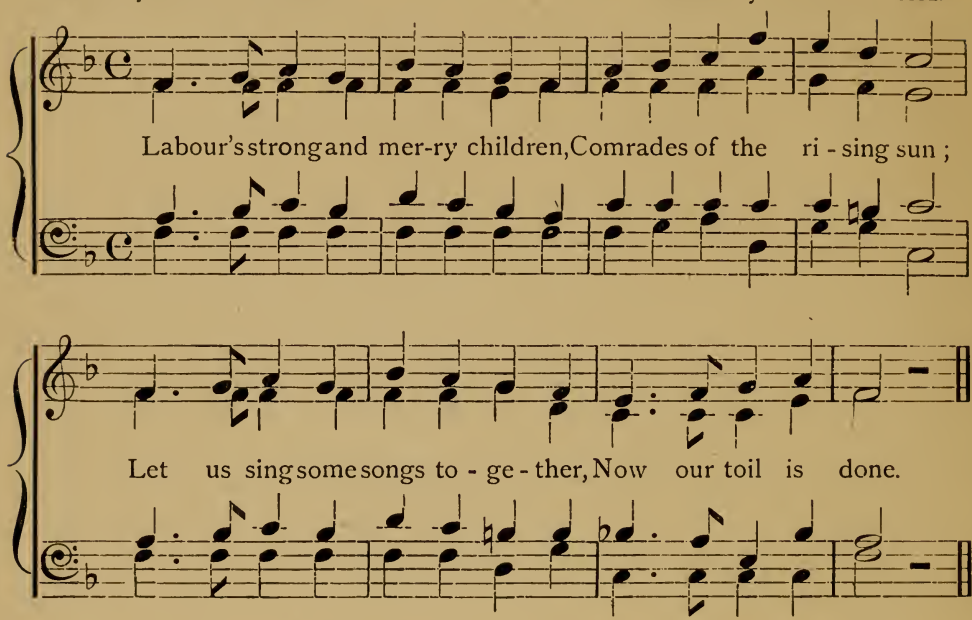
39

Labour's Strong.

[BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.]

"Work your work betimes, and in His Time He will give you a reward."

Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



No desponding, no repining,
Leisure must by toil be sought;
Never yet was good accomplished
Without toil or thought.

Even God's all holy labour
Framed the sky, the stars, the sun,
Built our earth on deep foundations,
And the world was won.

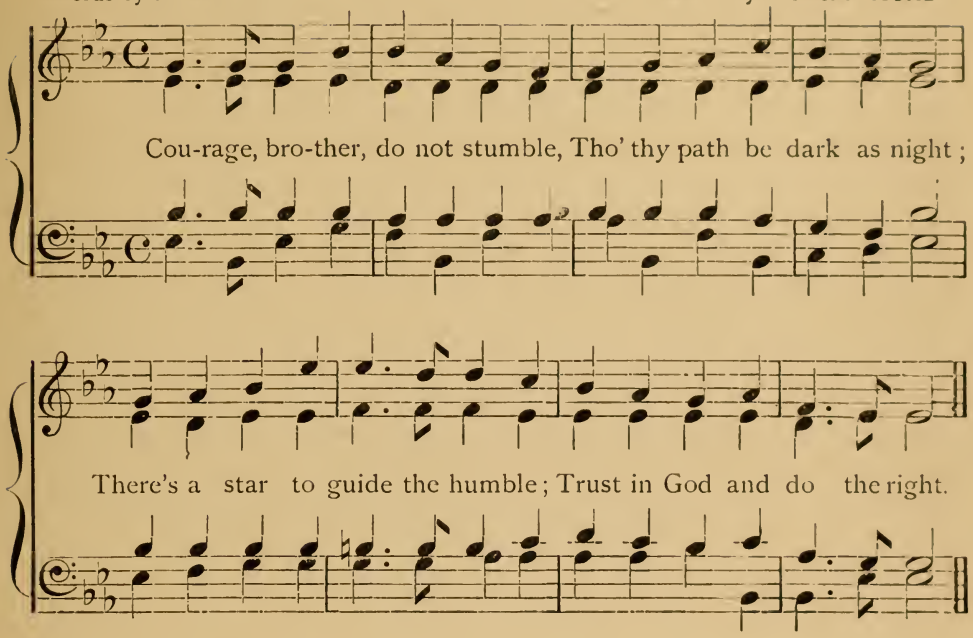
This hymn is also appropriate for the beginning of school, if permissible to sing, "Ere our toil's begun" in latter case.

40

Courage, Brother.

"Quit you like men."

Words by N. McLeod. Music by Duncan Hume



Let the road be rough and dreary
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee.
Trust in God and do the right.

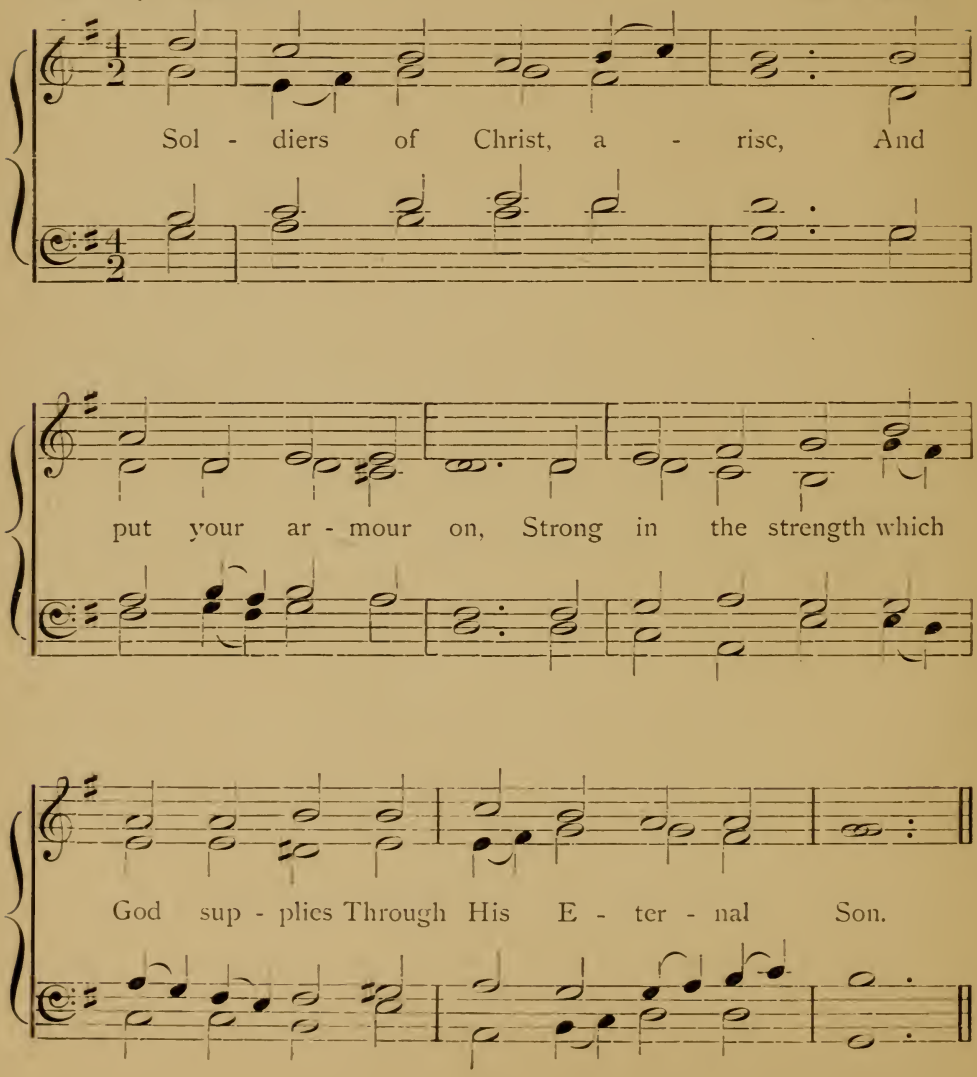
41

Soldiers of Christ.

(*Printed by kind permission of the Editor of* "Hymns Ancient and Modern.")

"Fight the good fight of faith."

Words by C. WESLEY. W. H. MONK.



Soldiers of Christ, arise,
  And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
  Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
  And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
  Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
  With all His strength endued:
But take, to arm you for the fight,
  The panoply of God.

Leave no unguarded place,
  No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
  And fortify the whole.

To keep your armour bright,
  Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
  And watching unto prayer.

From strength to strength go on,
  Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
  And win the well-fought day.

42

Dare to be Brave.

[THE GOOD SOLDIER.] (A Processional Hymn.)

"Fight manfully."

Words by W. L. R. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

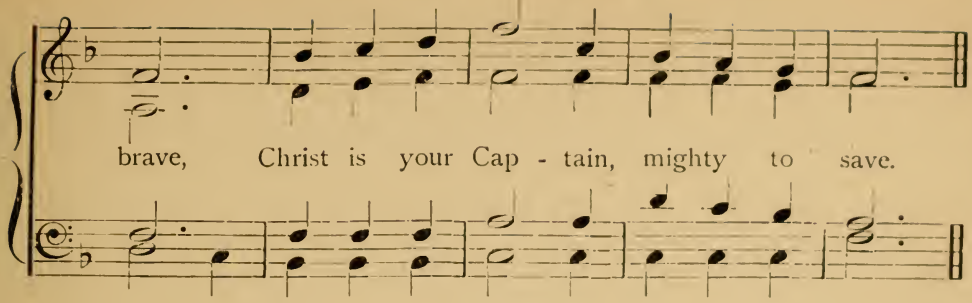
Dare to be brave, dare to be true,

Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you; Fight with sin

brave - ly, fight and be strong, Christ is your Cap-tain, fear

CHORUS.

nought but what's wrong. Fight then, good sol - diers, fight and be



Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Hearken to Conscience, 'tis God's voice in you;
Though comrades deride and leave you forlorn,
Stand like the hero, unshaken by scorn.
Fight then, &c.

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God is your Father, He watches o'er you;
He knows your trials, when your heart quails
Call Him to rescue, His grace never fails.
Fight then, &c.

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Shun all dishonour, no mean action do;
Bear pain if it comes, with firmness endure,
Hold to your honour, keep your heart pure.
Fight then, &c.

Dare to be brave dare to be true,
Keep the straight way of duty ever in view;
Do all your work as well as you can,
Work for the Lord, not only for man.
Fight then, &c.

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God grant you courage to carry you through;
Try to help others, be tender and kind,
Let the opprest a strong friend in you find.
Fight then, &c.

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Think of the Home that's waiting for you;
Home where the faithful whose battles are o'er
Rest in the Lord in joy evermore.
Fight then, &c.

43 Jesu, still the Storm.

[THE STORM OF SORROW.]

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea tossed with waves . . . Jesus went unto them."

(*By kind permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

Words by H. BONAR. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Je - su, still the storm; On - ly Thou hast power,

In this trou-bled hour, To bid our tremblings cease, And

give our spi - rits peace: O Je - su, still the storm.

Speak the mighty word
"Peace, be still," and then
Calm returns again;
Each billow hides its crest
And lays itself to rest:
O speak the mighty word.

Jesu, love us still!
Oh love on, love on,
As Thou hast ever done;
Oh love us to the end,
Our one unchanging Friend,
O Jesu, love us still.

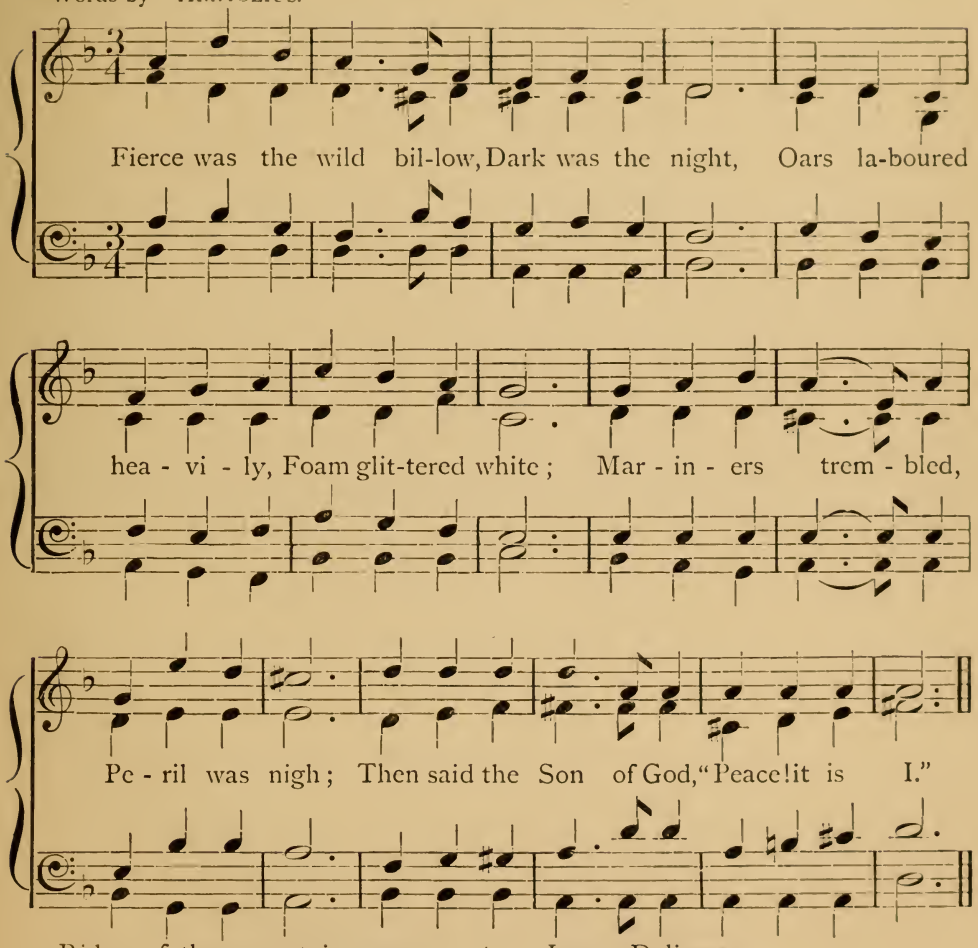
Jesu, bless us still,
Bless us on and on,
Till our heaven be won,
Oh bless us evermore;
On Thine own blessed shore,
O Jesu, bless us still.

44 Fierce was the Wild Billow.

[STORMS.]

"The wind was contrary . . . Jesus spake unto them saying, 'Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.'"

Words by "ANATOLIUS."



Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest,
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of Love,
"Peace, it is I."

Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, oh, Truth of Truth,
"Peace, it is I."

45 When Through the Torn Sail.

[A Prayer for Those at Sea.]

"There arose a great storm of wind. . . . He said unto the sea, 'Peace, be still.' And the wind ceased."

Words by Bishop Heber. Music by Duncan Hume.

When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark

wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray The poor

sea-man to che-rish, We fly to our Ma-ker, "Save, Lord, or we pe-rish."

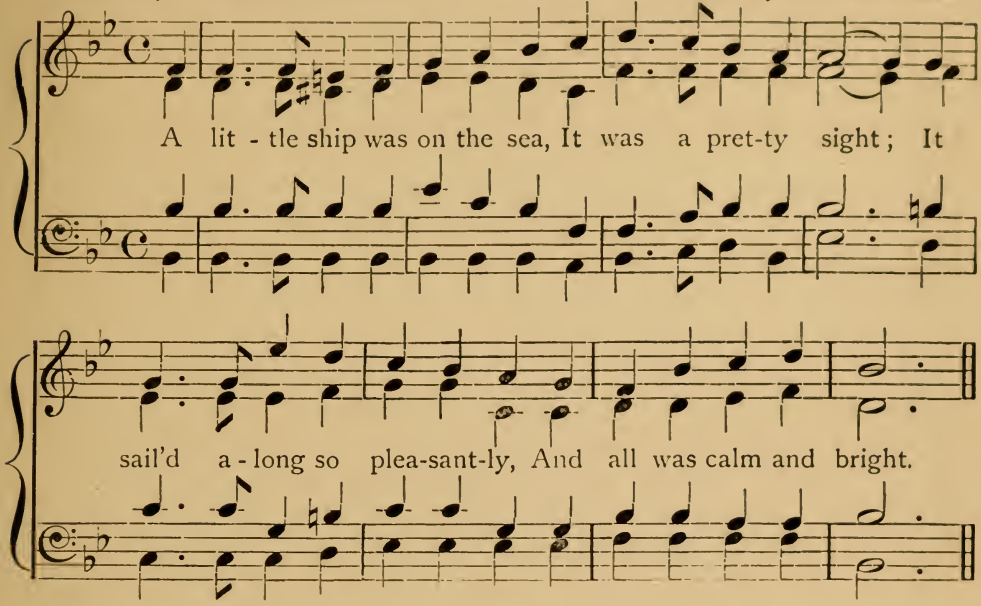
Oh Jesus, once toss'd
On the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek
Of despair from Thy pillow;
High now in Thy heav'n,
Still the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish,
"Save, Lord, or we perish."

46

A Little Ship.

"The winds and the sea obey Him."

Words by DOROTHY A. THRUPP. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



When lo! a storm began to rise,
  The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
  It blew the waves along.

And all, but One, were sore afraid
  Of sinking in the deep:
His head was on a pillow laid,
  And He was fast asleep.

"Master, we perish: Master, save!"
  They cried: their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
  And stilled them with a word.

He to the storm says, "Peace, be still;"
  The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
  And all are hushed to peace.

O well we know it was the Lord,
  Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word,
  Will never, never end.

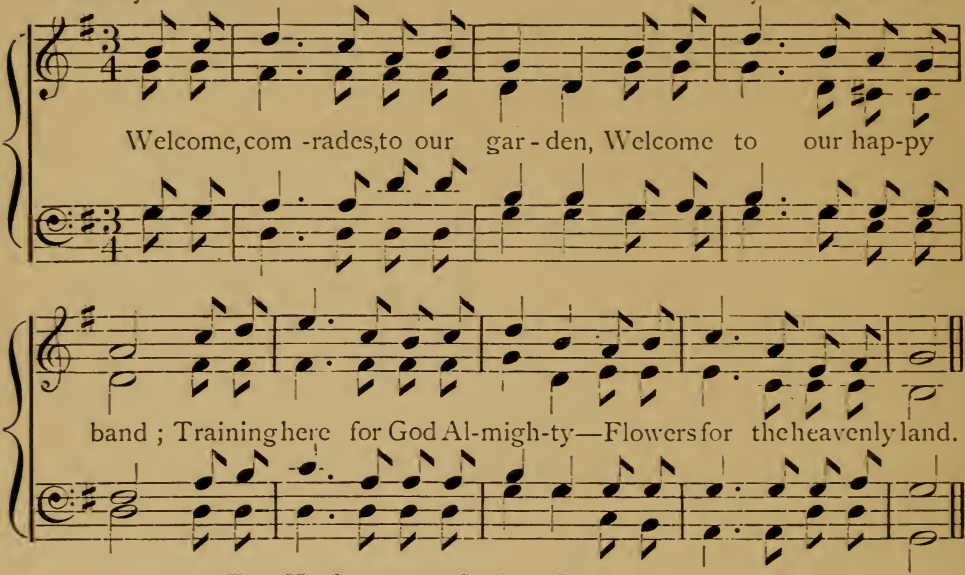
47 Welcome, Comrades.

[Reception of New Children to the Infant School or Kindergarten.]

"God's garden."

"Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a rose growing by the brook. And give ye a sweet savour . . . and flourish as the lily."

Words by W. L. R — Music by Duncan Hume.



For He knows each tiny flower,
If it bloometh bright and fair,
And it grieves Him if one languish,
And no pretty blossoms bear.

He would have us pure as lilies,
Modest as the violet blue,
Pleasant as the summer roses,
Sparkling in the morning dew.

He would have us kind and gentle,
Loving, happy, free from guile,
Thus our lives shall yield the fragrance
That shall win the Father's smile.

For He loves to see His garden
Bright with blossoms fresh and gay,
Thus He sendeth rain and sunshine,
All it needs from day to day.

Help us, comrades, make this garden
All His Eye delights to see,
So may God our Father's blessing
Daily, hourly with us be.

48 To Thee, our God, we Fly.

[God Bless our Country.]

"Look down from Thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless Thy people."

(These two verses are part of a longer hymn composed by the Bishop, to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern.")

Words by Bishop Walsham How. Music by Duncan Hume.

To Thee, our God, we fly, For mer - cy and for grace; Oh

hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. Oh

Lord, stretch forth Thy Migh-ty hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land.

Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more;
Oh Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

49 When Thy Children.

[FEAST.]

"Doubtless Thou art the Father."

(*By kind permission of the* Rev. F. Tuttiett.) Music by DUNCAN HUME.

When Thy chil - dren bend be - fore Thee, And with grate - ful hearts a -

- dore Thee, Father, Thou art with us there; When we trace Thy power and

beau - ty In the path of homely du - ty, Father, Thou art with us there.

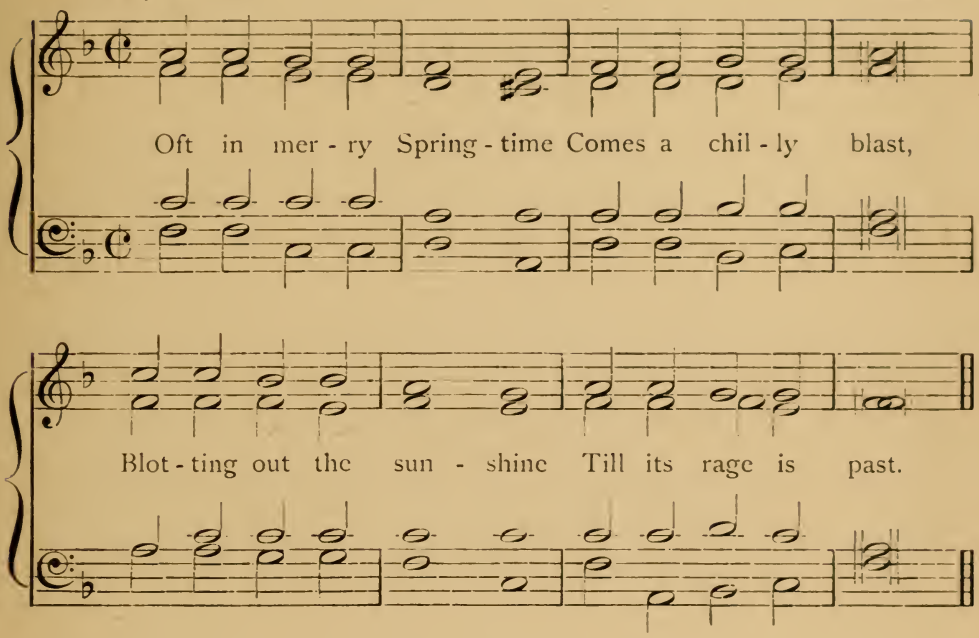
When our hearts to heaven ascending
Swell the song of praise unending,
Father, Thou art with us there;
When true love, like incense holy,
Fills our home, tho' poor and lowly,
Father, Thou art with us there.

50 Oft in Merry Springtime.

[When Sickness Prevails Among Children.]

"I will restore health unto thee . . . saith the Lord."

Words by W. L. R. Filitz.



Then the little flowers
Shrivel in the cold,
And the tender blossoms
Care not to unfold.

God for some wise purpose
Sends the time of gloom;
Wait, and brighter sunshine
Will restore the bloom.

Sickness midst our number
Tempest-like is rife;
Many a little comrade
Lies in mortal strife.

They, like stricken flowers,
Sicken like to die;
For our suffering playmates,
Father, hear our cry.

Heal them soon, dear Saviour,
Take away their pain,
Bring them from their sickness
Back to health again.

Grant that like spring flowers,
When the storm is o'er,
They may bloom among us
Joyous as before.

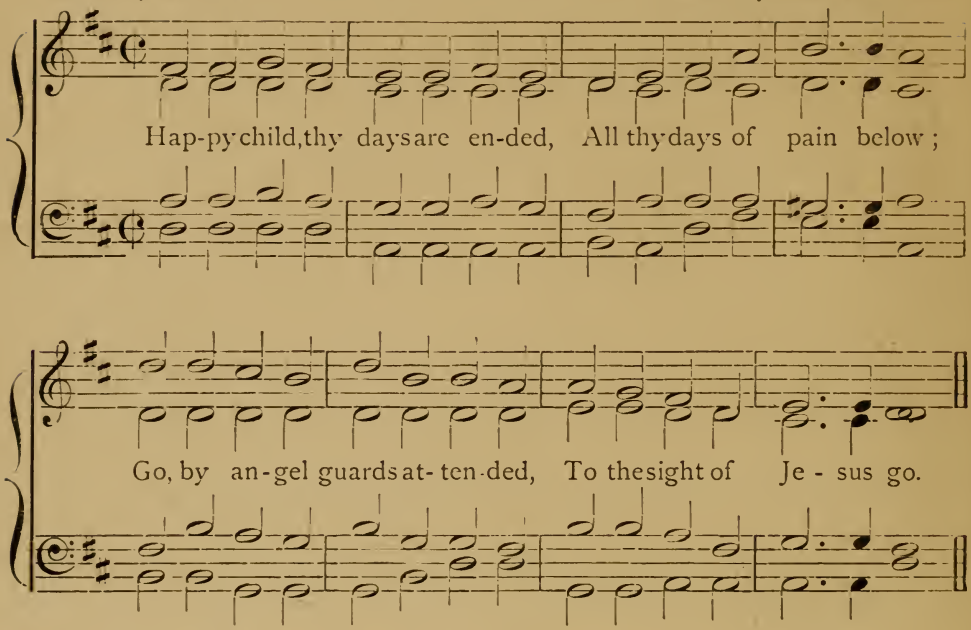
51

Happy Child.

[When a Little Child is Dying.]

"Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

Words by Wesley. Music by Duncan Hume.



Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

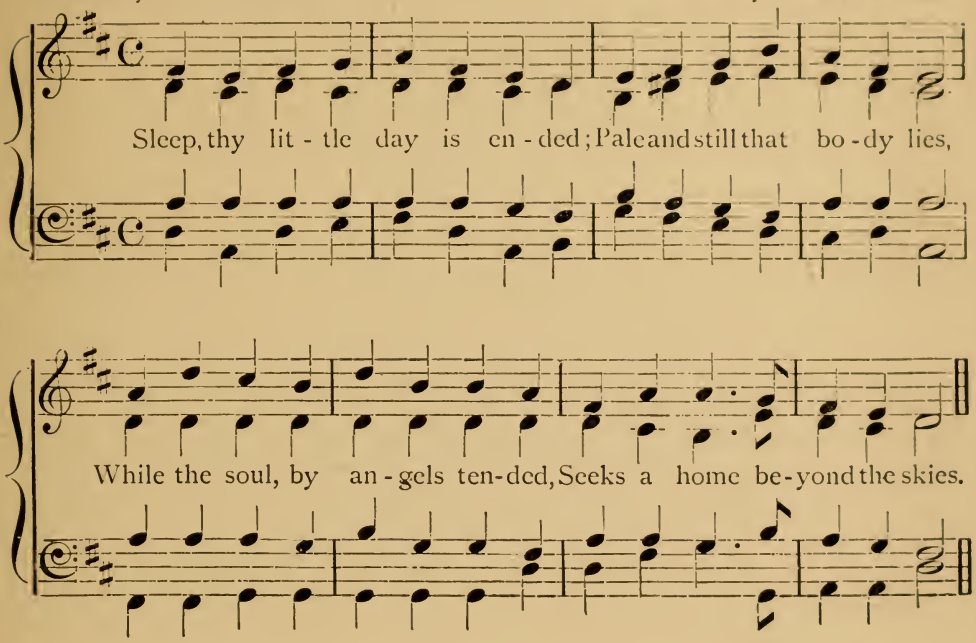
Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain,
Die to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

52 Sleep, thy Little Day is Ended.

"Not dead, but sleepeth."

Words by R. L. TUTTIETT. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Sleep, to better life awaking
In the land to us unknown,
Where the Lord, His own retaking,
Binds thee fast before His throne.

Sleep a little while; above thee
Tears of sorrow gently flow,
Yet we know that many love thee
In the world that claims thee now.

Sleep, oh dear one, ever dearer
In thine absence thou shalt be;
And may we to Heaven grow nearer
Now our hearts are drawn to thee.

Sleep, while we await the morrow
When we all shall meet again,
Far away from pain and sorrow,
Where the Saints in glory reign.

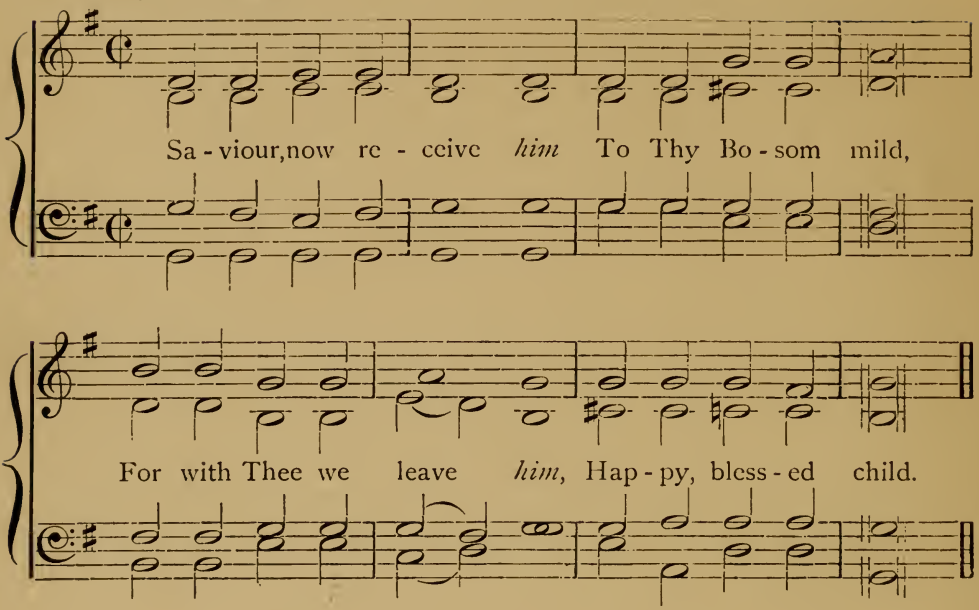
53

Saviour, now receive.

[At the Burial of a Little Child.]

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."

Words by Mrs. Hemans.



Though *his* eye hath brightened
  Oft our weary way,
And *his* clear laugh lightened
  Half our hearts' dismay—

Now let faith behold *him*
  In *his* heavenly rest,
Where those arms enfold *him*
  To the Saviour's breast.

Yield we what was given
  At Thy holy call,
The beautiful to heaven,
  Thou who givest all.

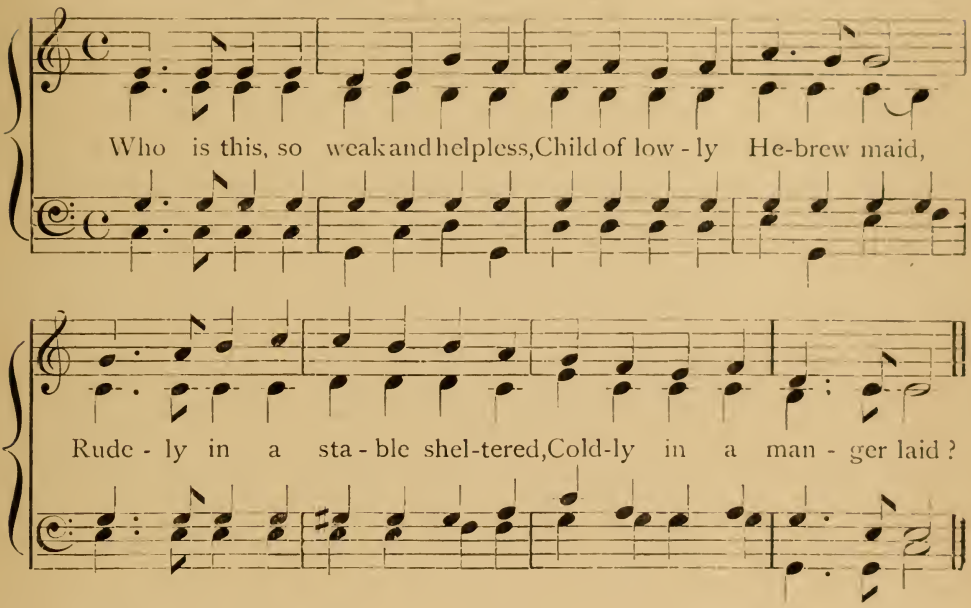
Still 'mid heavy mourning
  Look we now to God;
There our spirit turning,
  Kneel beside the sod.

54 Who is this, so weak and helpless?

[THE GODHEAD OF JESUS.]

"The Word was God."

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this—behold Him shedding,
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors, [thorns?
Torn with nails, and crowned with

'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly!

55

Oh, Comrade.

[When a Senior Scholar Quits the School.]

"Oh Lord, I beseech Thee, let Thine ear be attentive . . . to the prayer of Thy servants who desire to fear Thy Name and prosper Thy servant."

Words by W. L. R. — Music by John Farmer.

Allegretto. — *By permission.*

Voice.

Oh, com-rade, who for many a day Hast shared with us our work and play, Thou leav'st us now; school days are o'er— Thy
We mourn thy loss from 'midst our band, And pray that God's Al- - migh - ty Hand May guard and guide thee day by day, And
The fel-low-ship of childhood's years, Its joys and sor-rows, hopes and fears, It shall not wi - ther, droop, and fade—We'll

Piano.

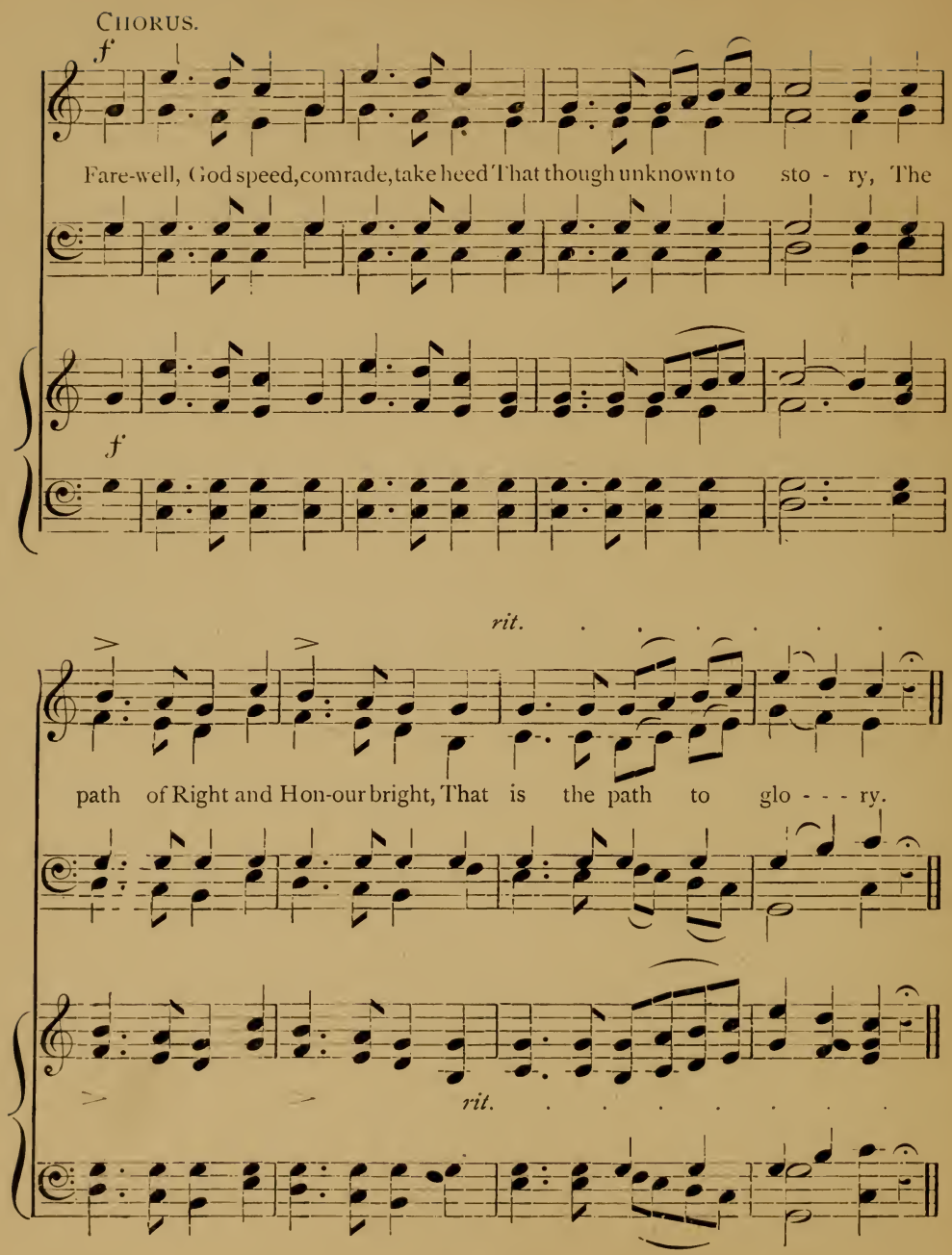
place shall know thee here no more. Life's bat - tle real thou
keep thee in the nar - row way. We ask that He will
keep it green by mem - 'ry's aid. What-e'er be - fal thee,

wilt be - gin, God grant thou mayst the vic - t'ry win; Strong
pros - per thee, That all thy fu - ture life may be One
good or ill, Here thought of thee shall lin - ger still, And

rit. . . . . . *a tempo.*

blows mayst strike for Truth and Right, And keep thine hon - our pure and bright.
stead - fast walk - ing by Christ's rule—Still earn - est schol-ars in His school.
joy be ours if wor - thy fame Fall on our ears joined with thy name.

rit . . . . . *p* *a tempo.*


CHORUS.
f
Fare-well, God speed, comrade, take heed That though unknown to sto - ry, The
f
rit.
path of Right and Hon-our bright, That is the path to glo - - - ry.
rit.

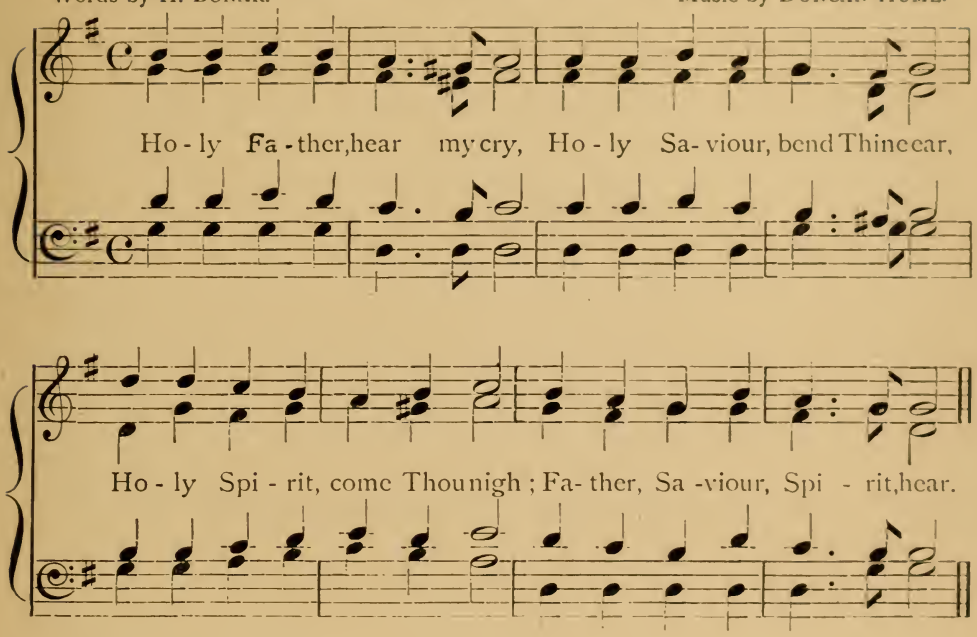
56 Holy Father, hear my Cry.

[A Child's Prayer.]

"Hear my prayer, oh Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."

(*By kind permission of* Messrs. Nisbet & Co.)

Words by H. Bonar. Music by Duncan Hume.



Father, save me from my sin ;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave ;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean ;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

Father, let me taste Thy love ;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;
Spirit, come my heart to move ;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Almighty, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now,
Be my Father and my God.

57

Lamb of God.

[THE CHILD JESUS.]

"And He became obedient unto them."

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Rather slowly.

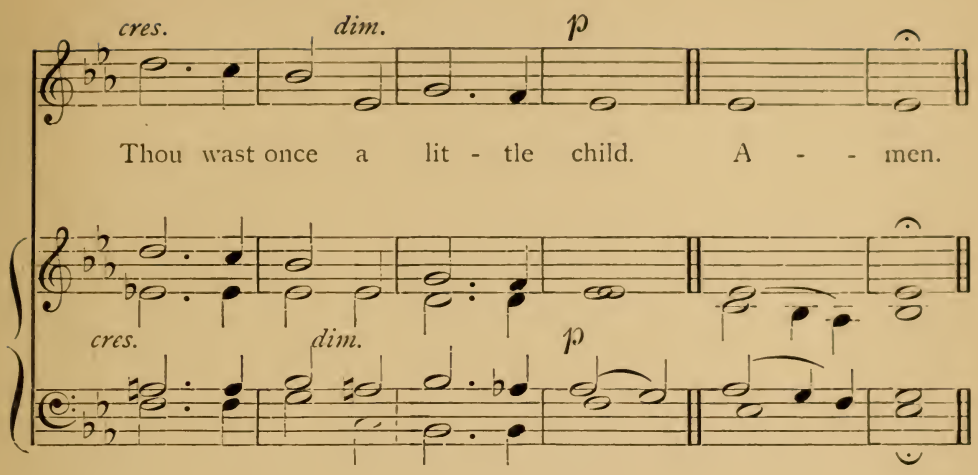
Music by R. B. ADDISON.

p

Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex-

p

- am - ple be: Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild,



Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me an obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to Thy glory live.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

58 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

[SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.]

"Our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep."

Words by D. THRUPP. Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Sa - viour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy

ten - der care; In Thy pleasant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy

fold prepare. Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will,
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our spirits fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

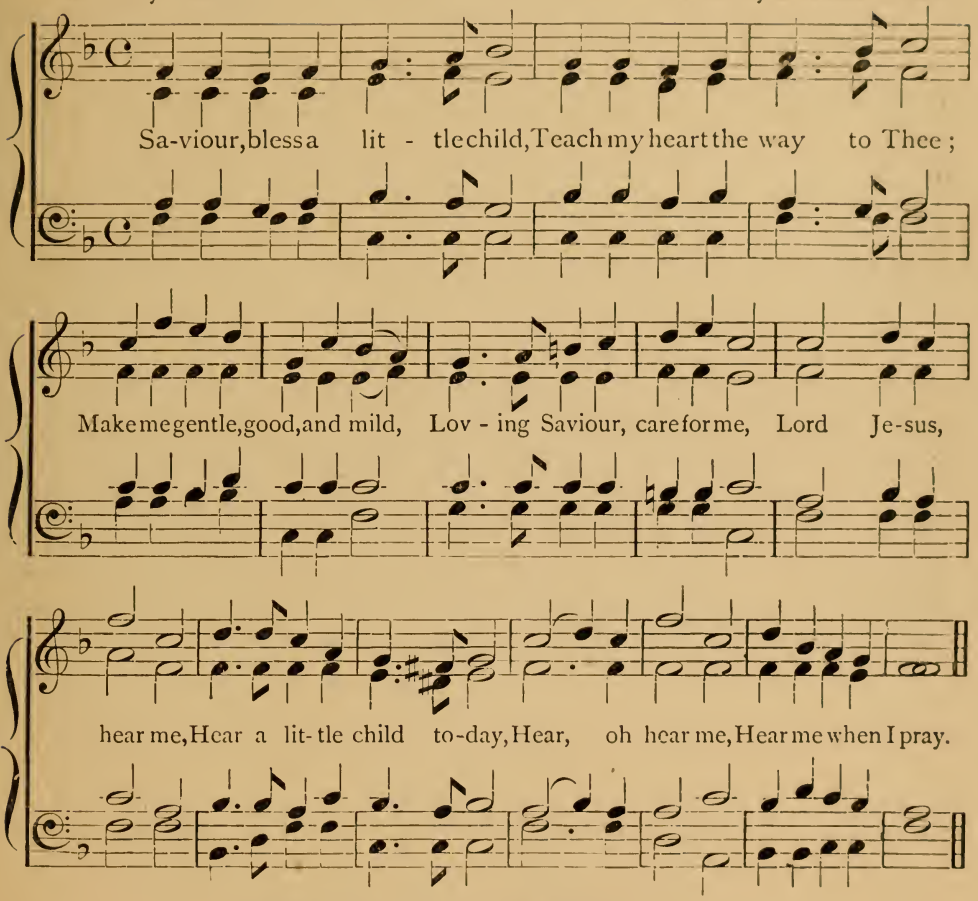
59

Saviour, Bless.

[A Little Child's Prayer.]

"Teach me Thy way, oh Lord."

Words by Wesley. Music by Duncan Hume



Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee,
Teach me how and what to speak,
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Lord Jesus, &c.

I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee,
Keep me in the Heavenly Way,
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Lord Jesus, &c.

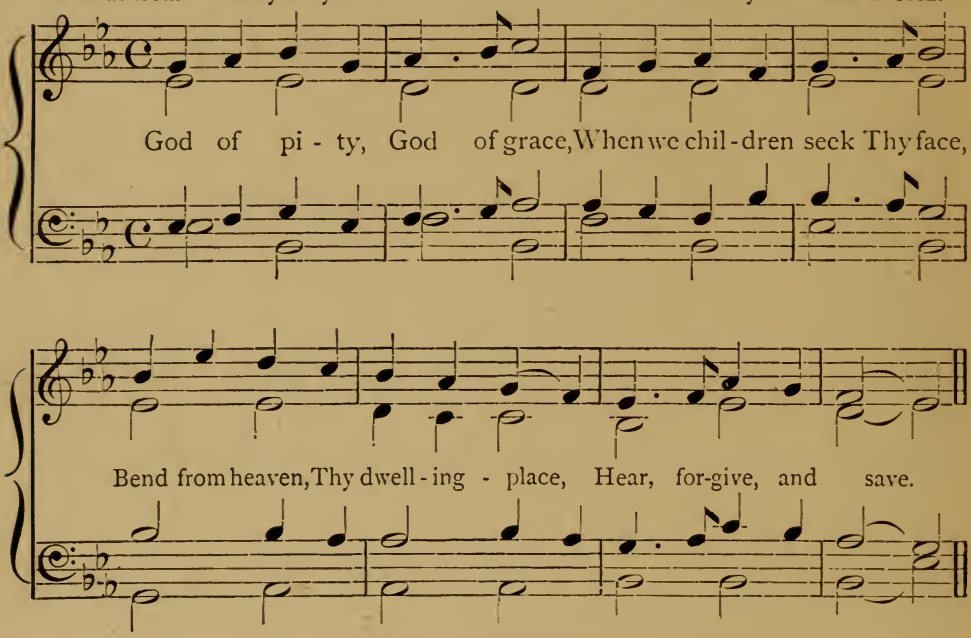
60

God of Pity.

[A Petition.]

"Hear Thou from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and forgive."

Words from "Wesley's Hymns." Music by Duncan Hume.



When Thy Love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy Will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from Thy fold
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

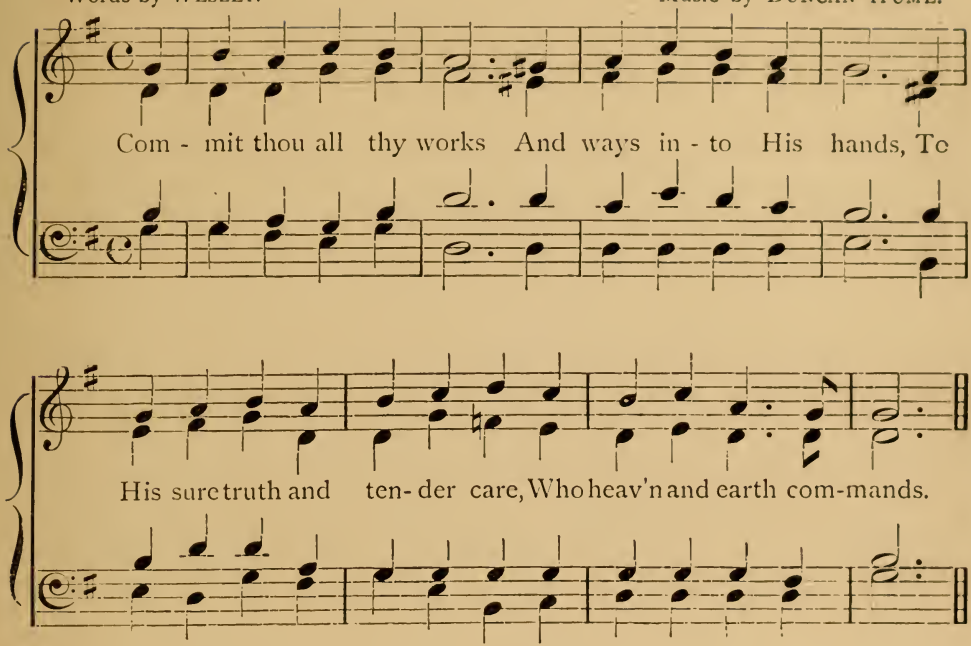
61

Commit thou.

[THE PATH OF DUTY.]

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."

Words by WESLEY. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



Put Thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on,
Fix on His Work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

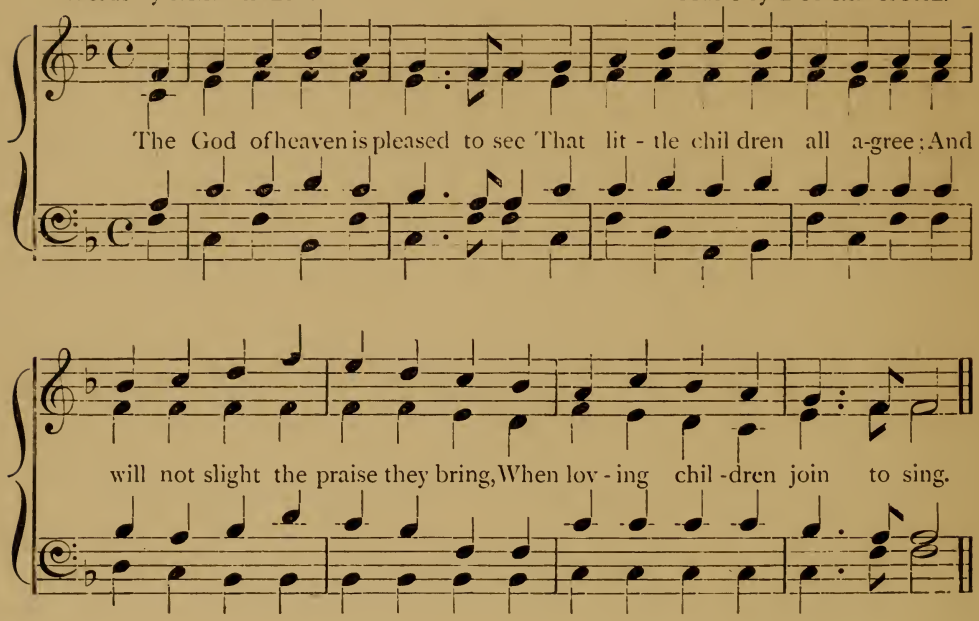
62

The God of Heaven.

[THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.]

"Little children, love one another."

Words by ANN TAYLOR. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



For love and kindness please Him more
Than if we gave Him all our store;
And children here who dwell in love
Are like His happy ones above.

The gentle child who tries to please,
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
Who fears to say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

O God, forgive whenever we
Forget Thy will, and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

63

Jesus the Shepherd.

[The Good Shepherd.]

"He shall feed me in a green pasture."

Words by Kelly. Music by Duncan Hume.

Je - sus the Shep - herd of the sheep, Thy lit - tle

flock in safe - ty keep; The flock for which Thou

cam'st from heaven, The flock for which Thy life was given.

Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream,
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.

64

Jesus, we come.

[CHILDREN'S PRAYER.]

"Oh Lord, be gracious unto us: we have waited for Thee."

Music by DUNCAN HUME.

Je - sus, we come to Thee, We want our sins forgiven, Oh, let us all Thy

children be, And make us fit for heaven. Oh, be our guide, we pray, While thro' this

world we roam, And lead us so that ev - 'ry day May find us nearer home.

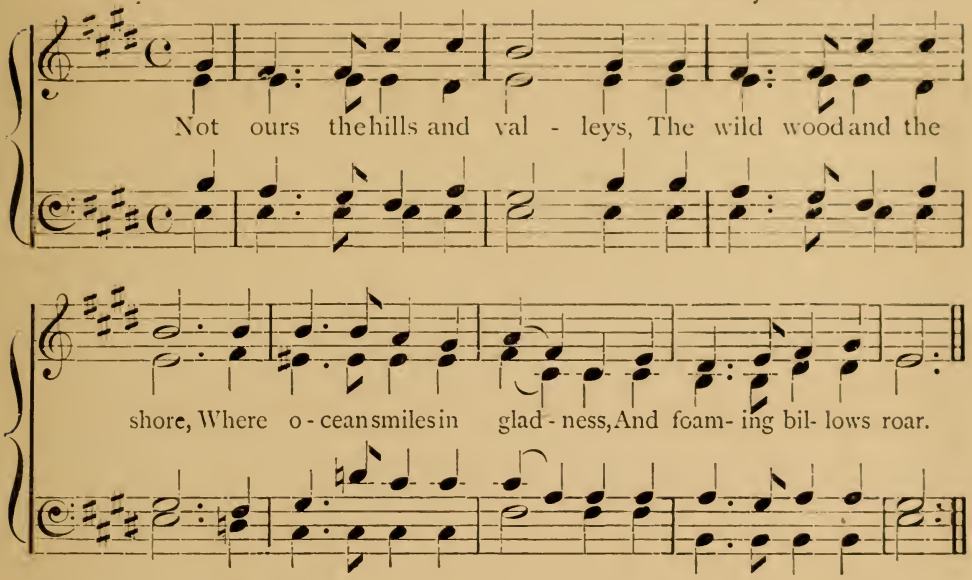
Give us Thy heavenly grace,
And wisdom from above,
That we may daily serve Thee more,
And better learn Thy Love.
Oh, be our guide, &c.

65 Not ours the Hills and Valleys.

[For City Children.]

"Ye are come to the city of the Living God . . . an innumerable company of angels."

Words by W. L. R. Music by Duncan Hume.



Our lot lies in the city,
Our home some narrow room
Where sunshine scarce can struggle
Through fog and smoke and gloom.

But still the sunny pastures
Are not from sorrow kept;
The serpent crawled in Eden,
There first our parents wept.

And life is here more earnest
Than in the quiet lanes,
Great work for God is stirring
In throbbing hearts and brains.

How many dwell around us
In turmoil, woe, and care;
We can, as Christ has taught us,
Their burdens help to bear.

God give us grace to labour
Each one his part to do,
And strive to serve our brethren
With loving hearts and true.

Here in this earthly city
God trains us for His own;
There perfect love abideth,
No selfishness is known.

No want, no strife, no sadness
Shall dim that city bright,
Where throng the Saints victorious
Who dwell with God in light.

I am indebted for the first two verses and leading ideas of this Hymn to the Rev. R. B. Scott, D.D., late Head Master of Westminster.—W. L. R.

66 Onward, Christian Children.

[Festal Hymn.]

"Praise the Lord."

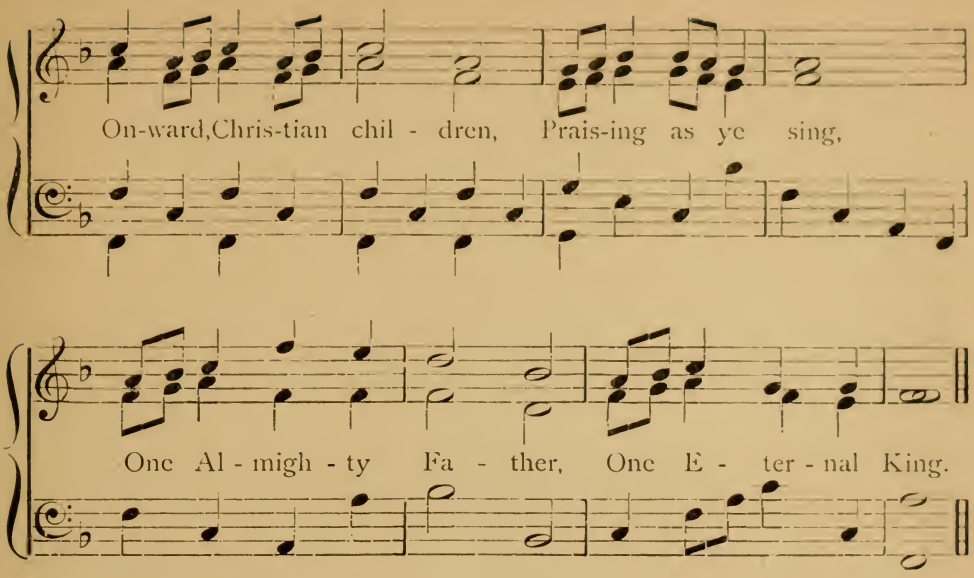
(*By kind permission of* Rev. L. Tuttiett.) Music by Duncan Hume.

On- ward, Christian chil - dren, Praising as ye sing,

One Al-migh-ty Fa - ther, One E - ter - nal King.

All His works a - round us, Tell His pow'r and love,

We our glad Ho - san - nas Swell with those a - bove.



Jesus, like a Shepherd,
Leading on before,
To His Father's Presence
Opens wide the door;
Clouds awhile must hide Him
From our mortal sight,
Yet we hope to praise Him
With the saints in light.
Onward, &c.

Like the flowers we offer,
So may we be found,
While our God we worship,
Blessing all around.
Looking each to Jesus,
Children all of Light,
Love and joy and mercy
All our hearts unite.
Onward, &c.

As the light of summer
O'er the fruitful earth,
Robes the field with beauty,
Fills the wood with mirth;
So the grace of Jesus
Shining from above,
Fills the soul with gladness,
Draws the life to love.
Onward, &c.

When for joy of others
We our wreaths resign,
In our hearts their beauty
Yet may live and shine;
Eyes of grateful children
Let them cheer again,
Shedding light and sweetness
O'er the couch of pain.
Onward, &c.

These our flowers must perish,
Fading one by one,
Earth to earth returning,
When their work is done.
Better far we offer,
Sown from Heaven above,
Holy, sweet affections,
Works of gentle love.
Onward, &c.

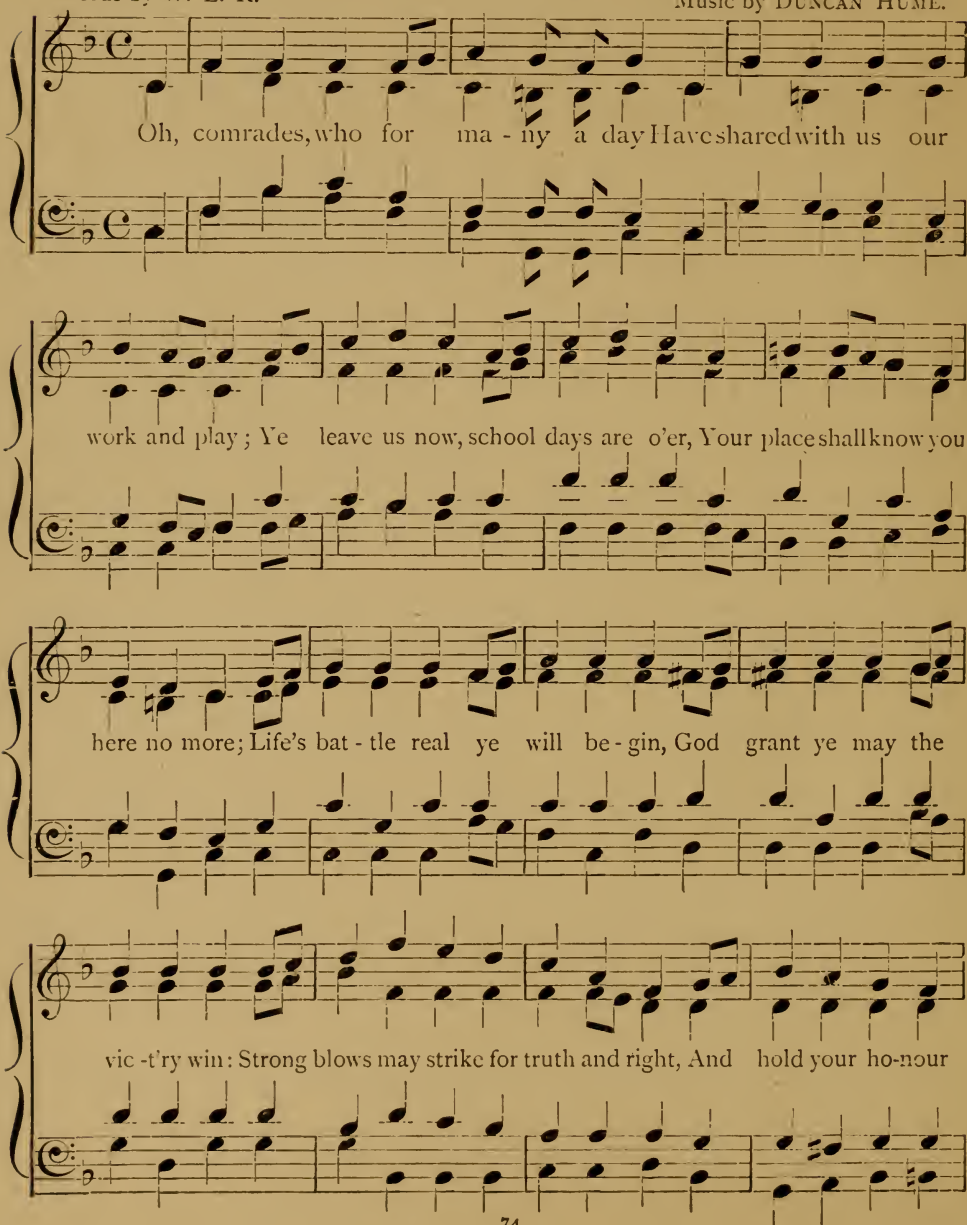
67

Oh, Comrades.

[When Senior Scholars are Quitting the School.]

"O Lord, I beseech Thee, let Thine ear be attentive . . . to the prayer of Thy servants who desire to fear Thy Name and prosper Thy servant."

Words by W. L. R. Music by Duncan Hume.



pure and bright. Comrades, God speed, fare-well, fare-well, take heed, That if un-

rall. *slow.*

- known to sto-ry, The path of right, and ho-nour bright, That is the path to glo-ry.

We mourn your loss from 'midst our band—
And pray that God's Almighty Hand
Will guide and guard you day by day,
And keep you in the narrow way;
We ask that He will prosper all,
But may you bide, whate'er befal,
True, steadfast, walking by Christ's rule,
Still earnest scholars in His school.
Comrades, &c.

The fellowship of childhood's years,
Its joys and sorrow, hopes and fears,
It must not wither, droop, and fade,
We'll keep it green by memory's aid.
Whate'er your lot, or good or ill,
Here thought of you shall linger still,
And joy be ours if worthy fame
Fall on our ears joined with your name.
Comrades, &c.

68

I think when I read.

[The Lord Jesus Christ.]

"Jesus called a little child unto Him."

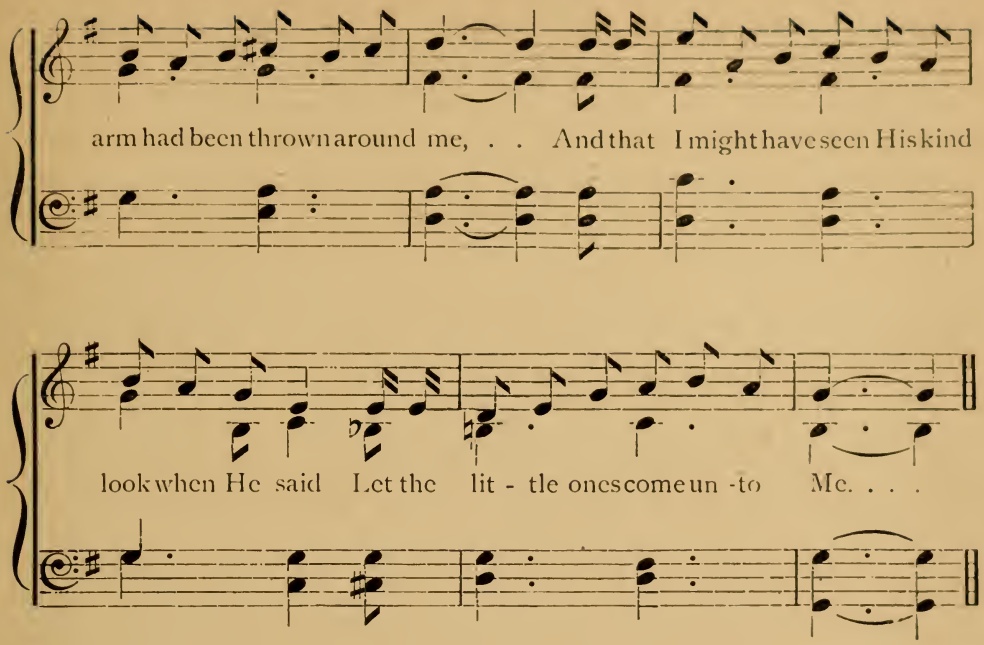
Words by Mrs. Luke. Music by Duncan Hume.

I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. I

wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His



Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven :
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

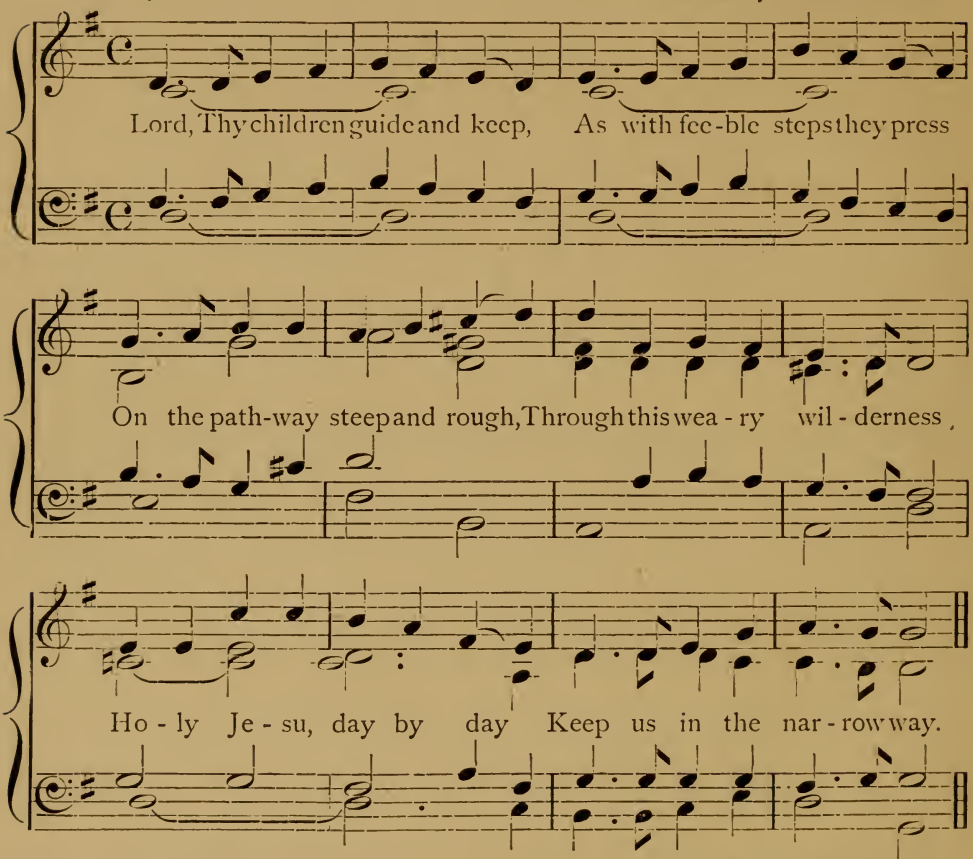
But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, and best ;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

69 Lord, Thy children guide and keep.

[THE NARROW WAY.]

"For Thy Name's sake lead me and guide me."

Words by W. HOW. Music by DUNCAN HUME.



There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, &c.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesu, &c.

There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesu, &c.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

70

Spring.

"Let no flower of the spring pass by us."

SEMI-CHORUS or SOLO 2ND TREBLE.

Words by W. L. R. *mp* VERSES 1, 2, 3. Music by E. H. THORNE.

Till late the snows of win - ter Lay thick on hill and plain; Who
And then the skies were clou - dy, Loud did the tempests roar; Who
All frost-bound lay the streamlets, And hush'd their murmuring flow; Who

mp

CHORUS.

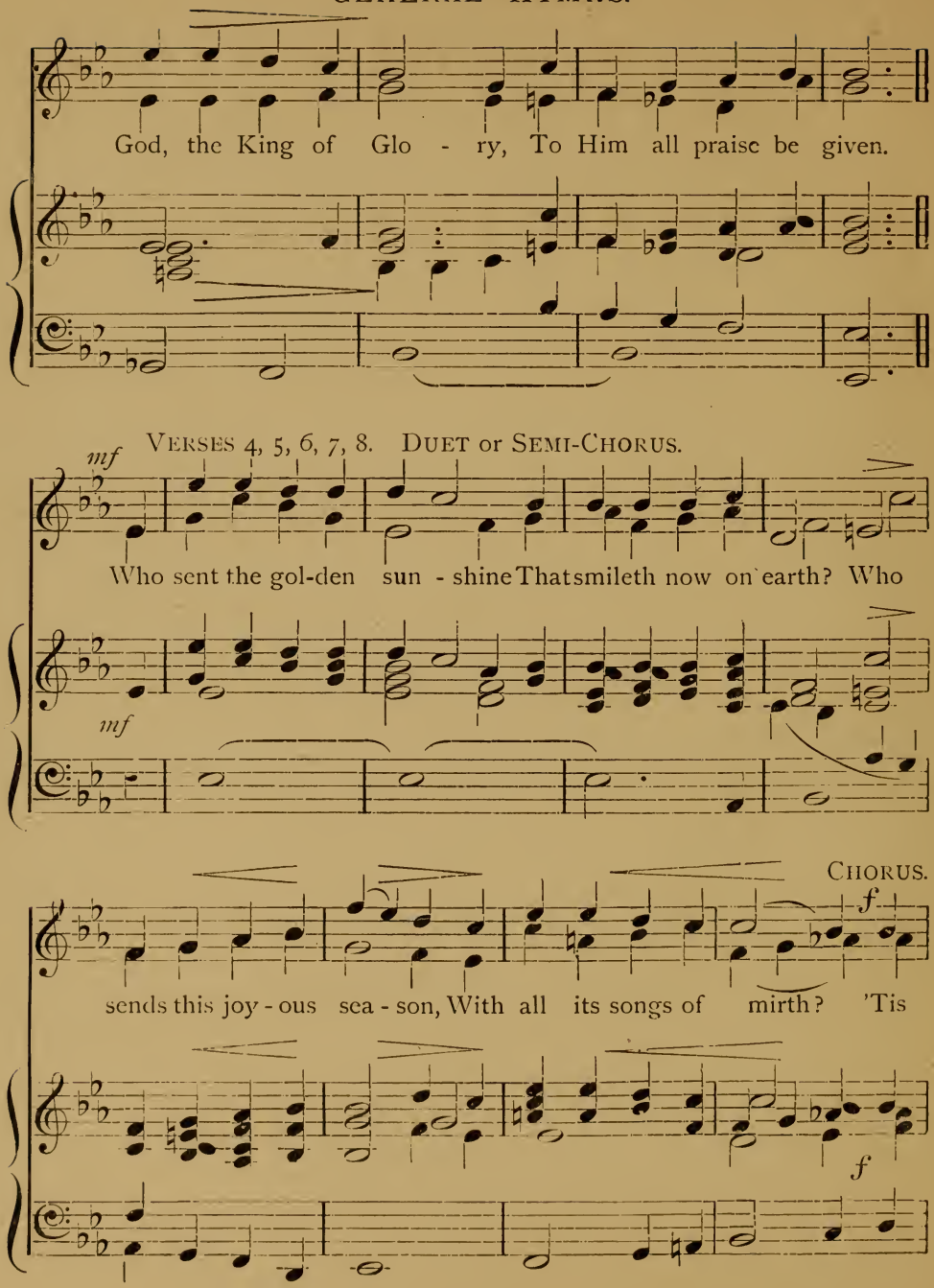
cres. *f*

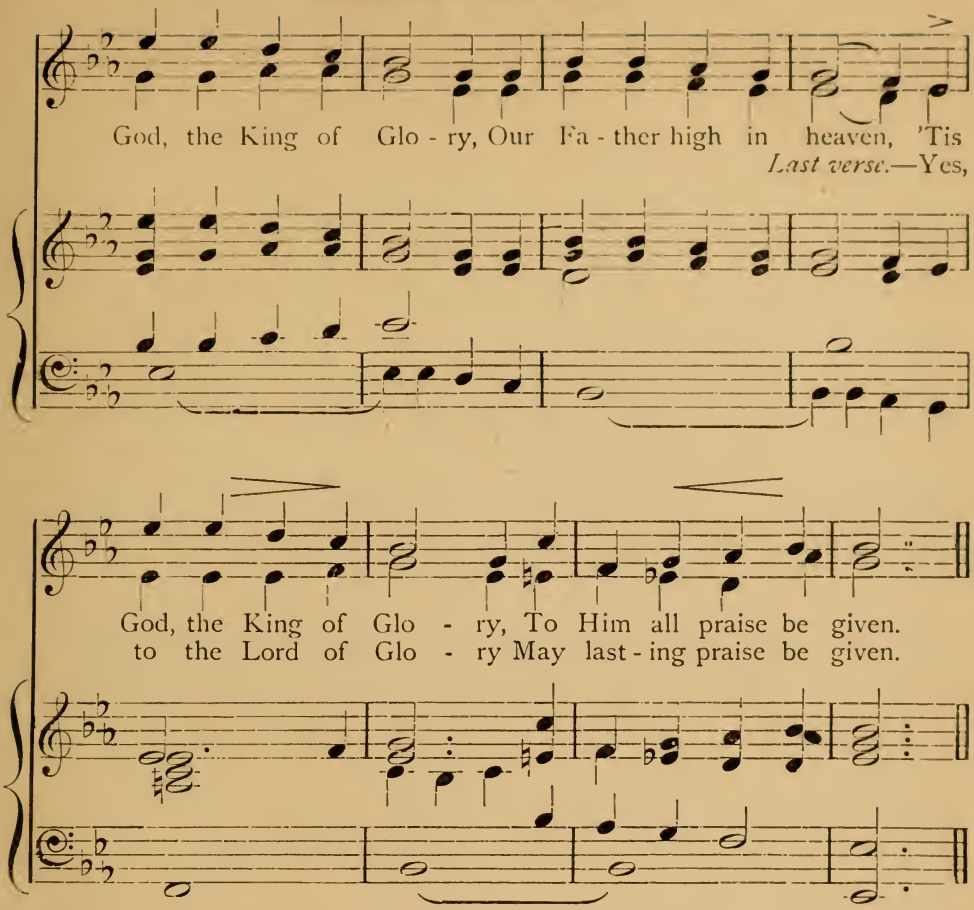
sent the pleasant spring-tide To cheer the land a - gain?
stay'd the an - gry bil - lows That beat a-gainst the shore?
freed them from their pri - son, And bids them on-ward go?
'Tis

f

cres.

God, the King of Glo - ry, Our Fa-ther high in heaven, 'Tis


God, the King of Glo - ry, To Him all praise be given.
VERSES 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.
mf
Who sent the gol-den sun - shine That smileth now on earth? Who
mf
CHORUS.
f
sends this joy - ous sea - son, With all its songs of mirth? 'Tis
f



Who bids storm-winds be silent
While blows the balmy breeze?
Who clothes with varied blossoms
The meadows and the trees?
'Tis God, &c.

Who fills the lanes and forests
With gaily singing birds?
Who stores the vernal pastures
With useful flocks and herds?
'Tis God, &c.

Who crowns the year with goodness,
With beauty and with love?
Who pours upon His children
All blessings from above?
'Tis God, &c.

O let us then all love Him,
And trust in His fond care,
And pray that we may see Him
In His own kingdom fair.
To God, &c

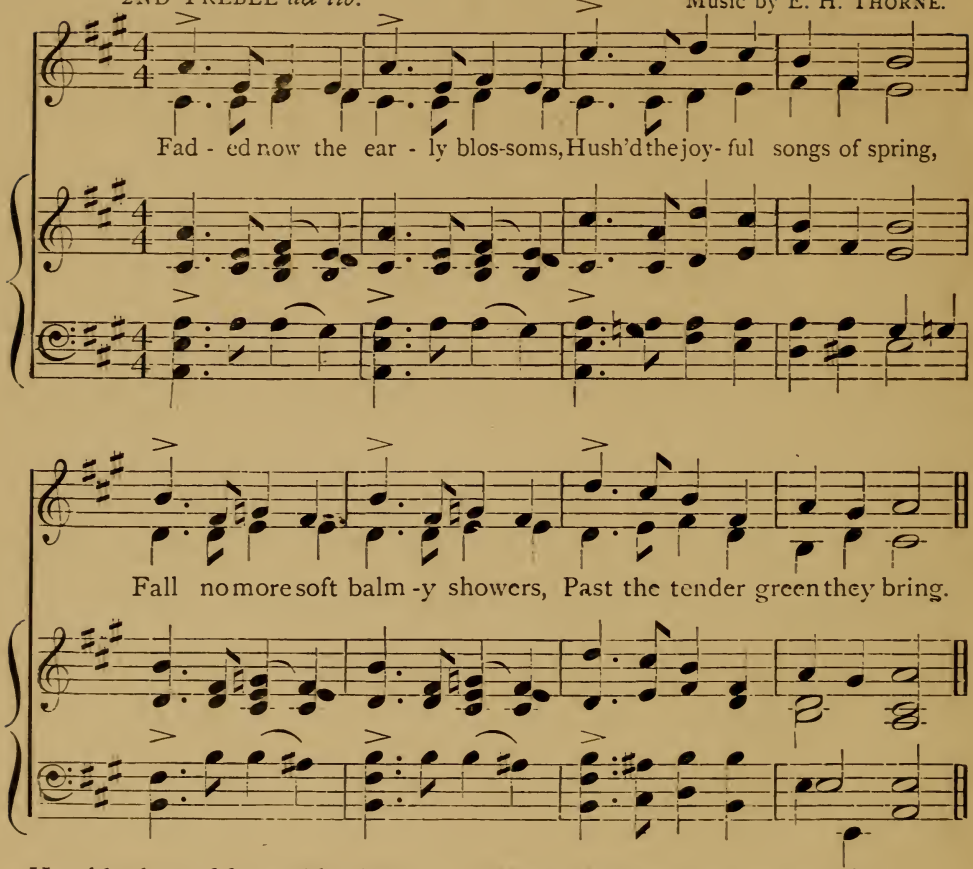
71

Summer.

"Behold a basket of summer fruit."

Words by W. L. R.

Music by E. H. THORNE.



Heralds they of future blessing,
Signs that God Almighty's voice
Bade the earth awake from slumber,
And in life and light rejoice.

Now's fulfilled the springtide promise,
Earth in summer raiment clad,
Fruitful trees and fragrant flowers
Calling forth our praises glad.

Breezes play o'er smiling valleys,
Ruffling lightly cornfields gold;
Praise the Lord for summer glory
Scattered over vale and wold.

Childhood's years are like the springtide,
God the heavenly seed then sows—
Seed that by His grace and blessing
Later to perfection grows.

Sow in us now, loving Father,
Holy thoughts and Christ-like ways,
That we bear, when past our springtide,
Ripe fruit in our summer days.

72 Summer.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to see the sun."

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW.
2ND TREBLE *ad lib.*

Music by E. H. THORNE.

Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea,

Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.

Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

Light of Light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

(This is part of a longer hymn by the same author to be found in "The Children's Hymn Book.")

73 Autumn.

"He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW.

(2ND TREBLE *ad lib.*)

Music by E. H. THORNE.

mf

The year is swift-ly wan-ing; The summer days are past; And

p

life, brief life, is speed - ing; The end is near - ing fast.

p

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change canst know.

Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain;

Oh! pour Thy Grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

74

Winter.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."

Words by Bishop WALSHAM HOW.

(2ND TREBLE *ad lib.*) *poco cres.*

p

Win-ter reigneth o'er the land, Freezing with its i - cy breath;

p *poco cres.*

dim.

Dead and bare the tall trees stand; All is chill and drear as death.

dim.

VERSES 2, 3, 4.

poco cres.

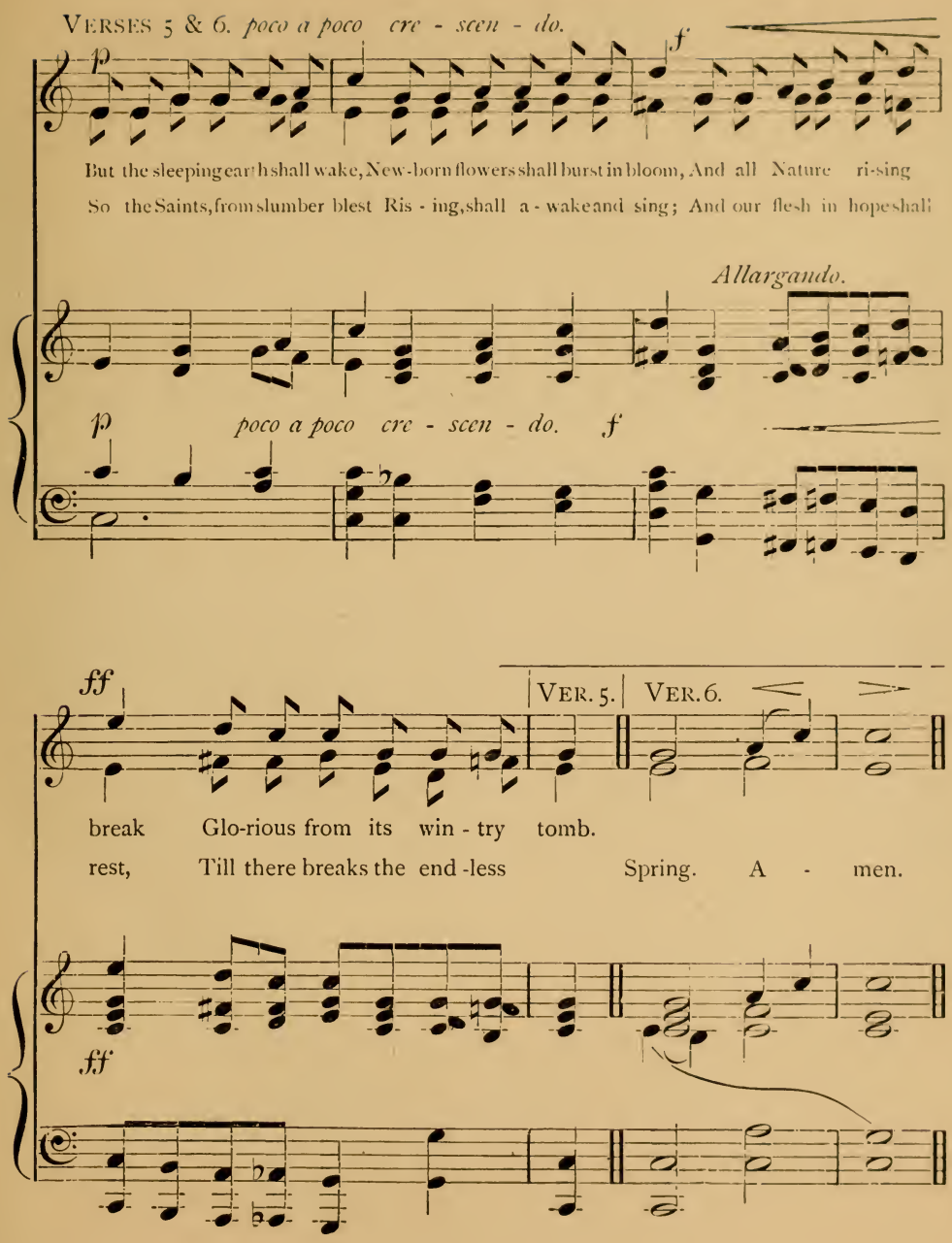
Yet it seemeth but a day Since the summer flow'rs were here,
Sun - ny days are past and gone: So the years go, speeding fast,
Life is wan - ing; life is brief; Death, like win - ter, standeth nigh:

p *poco cres.*

dim.

Since they stacked the balm-y hay, Since they reap'd the gold - en ear.
On-ward e - ver, each new one Swifter speeding than the last.
Each one, like the fall- ing leaf, Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

dim.


VERSES 5 & 6. poco a poco cre - scen - do.
p
f
But the sleeping earth shall wake, New-born flowers shall burst in bloom, And all Nature ri-sing
So the Saints, from slumber blest Ris - ing, shall a - wake and sing; And our flesh in hope shall
Allargando.
p
poco a poco cre - scen - do.
f
ff
VER. 5.
VER. 6.
break Glo-rious from its win - try tomb.
rest, Till there breaks the end -less Spring. A - men.
ff

75 Evening Hymn.

"Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid."

Words by WATTS. Music by E. H. THORNE.

2ND TREBLE *ad lib.*

And now an - o - ther day is gone, I'll sing my Ma-ker's praise, My

com-forts ev - 'ry hour make known His pro - vi - dence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins how great their sum;
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

INDEX.

A little ship was on the sea 46
And now another day is gone 75
Another night of sweet repose 3
As the bird in meadow fair 10
Awake, my soul, and with the sun 11
By Thy goodness we are fed 25
Commit thou all thy works 61
Courage, brother, do not stumble.. 40
Dare to be brave, dare to be true 42
Faded now the early blossoms 71
Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield 27
Fierce was the wild billow 44
For us Thou spread'st a table, Lord 30
From all that dwells below the skies 26
Give to God immortal praise 18
Glory to Thee, my God, this night 17
God of mercy and of love 8
God of pity, God of grace 60
Happy child, thy days are ended 51
Heavenly Father, at this meal 24
Holy Father, hear my cry 56
Home of holy light.. 36
I am a pilgrim to the Holy Land.. 37
I thank my Lord for kindly rest 12
I think, when I read that sweet story of old 68
Jesu, seated on Thy Throne 29
Jesus, holy, undefiled 7
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me 13
Jesus, still the storm 43
Jesus the Shepherd of the sheep 63
Jesus, we come to Thee 64
Labour's strong and merry children 39
Lamb of God, I look to Thee.. 57
Little children, ye are weary 14
Lo! the earth rejoices 1
Lord, Thy children guide and keep 69
My God who makes the sun to know 6
No earthly gifts can yield us good 28
Not ours the hills and valleys 65
Now the sun has passed away 16
Oft in merry Springtime 50
Oh, comrades, who for many a day 67
Oh, comrade, who for many a day 55
Onward, Christian children 66
Praises to Him who built the hills 20
Rise at early morning 4
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us 58
Saviour, bless a little child 59
Saviour, now receive *him* 53
Sleep, thy little day is ended.. 52
Soldiers of Christ, arise 41
Sun, moon, and stars by day and night .. 23
Summer suns are glowing 72
The day is done 15
The God of heaven is pleased to see 62
The morning bright with rosy light 2
The year is swiftly waning 73
There's not a tint that paints the rose 21
Thy providence supplies my food 32
Till late the snows of winter 70
To God, who gives our daily bread 31
To Thee our God, we fly 48
Up now, my child, 'tis day 9
We bless the Lord, the just, the good 33
We come before Thee, Lord, and pray.. .. 5
We leave now behind us 34
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth .. 22
Welcome, comrades, to our garden 47
When I look up to yonder sky 19
When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming 45
When Thy children bend before Thee.. .. 49
Who are these arrayed in white 38
Who is this, so weak and helpless.. 54
Whither, pilgrims, are you going 35
Winter reigneth o'er the land 74

Hymns for Elementary Schools

AND OTHERS

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL

BY

WILHELMINA L. ROCIFER.

WORDS ONLY. PAPER.

PRICE, THREE PENCE.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN & WELSH, LIMITED.